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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 297
BRITAIN AND JAPAN 299
UNEMPLOYABLE? 301
A LONDON DIARY. 302
THIS ENGLAND 303
NO CHANGE. By Y. Y. 303
THE PRICE OF FUR. By E. L. Grant Watson . . 304
CORRESPONDENCE 305
From Hugh Dalton, M.P.; George Catlin; R. St. John Reade; R. Lowry; Sir Stephen Tallents; J. F. Rees and Others; J. F. Mozley; Edward Fuller; W. Justice; Leonard Crome.
A WAITER ON TIPPING. By Dave Marlow . . 308
EURYANTHE, ETC., AT SALZBURG. By W. J. Turner 309
PLAYS AND PICTURES . . . . . Page 310
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Raymond Mortimer . 311
REVIEWS:
New Novels. By V. S. Pritchett . . . 312
A Barrie Panegyric. By Christopher St. John . 313
Experientia Docet. By George Orwell . . 314
Murders. By Ralph Partridge 314
A Day with the Race. By Robert Waller . . 315
The Flicks. By Clifford Dyment . . . 316
The Romantic Survival. By G. E. Fasnacht . 316
SHORTER NOTICES 318
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 318
CROSSWORD 321
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Dives 322

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE world war blazes east and west. In China the popular forces, now united under Chiang Kai-shek, have lost the Nankov Pass, but continue to put up a stubborn resistance round Shanghai. Chinese fighting planes have so far been remarkably successful in bringing down Japanese bombers; a British estimate puts the loss of Japanese planes during the first stage of the war at fifty and the Chinese at only eight casualties. On the other hand the Chinese planes have had no success in bombing the Japanese fleet which has been shelling positions on the water-front at Shanghai, while Japanese reinforcements, computed at 50,000 men, were landed under cover of Japanese aircraft and naval guns. The indiscriminate nature of modern war is illustrated by the machine-gunning of the British Ambassador to China on the Nanking-Shanghai road. British efforts to persuade both Japan and China to withdraw their troops from the International Settlement have come to nothing; now at length the vested interests of the Western Powers in China are facing the results of persistent complacency towards Japanese aggression. British conservatism preferred anarchy to the possibility of order which the League provided; it must now put up with the loss as best it can.

Piracy in the Mediterranean

In the Mediterranean anarchy is also bearing its natural fruit in piracy. Having refused to police the seas when it meant stopping Mussolini's Abyssinian adventure, the British and French now find, as they might have foreseen, that their own shipping is no longer safe from Italian torpedoes and aircraft. A dozen ships of various nationalities have been sunk on their way to Spain, some of them with a cold-blooded disregard for the lives of non-combatants that outdoes anything perpetrated by German submarines during the last war. In one case the attacking vessel is reported to have turned her guns on the sailors escaping in the water. The attempt to pretend that the pirate could be any other than Italian seems now to be dropped even in official quarters, and the *Times* has at length got round to calling piracy by its proper name. It was a superb example of Fascist technique that while these marauding activities were actually being carried out by his vessels the Duce should have made a speech at Palermo welcoming the prospect of a full and happy friendship with Britain.

The Spanish Front

Hopelessly outmatched in guns and tanks, and without aircraft support, the defenders of Santander have been rolled back by General Franco's mechanised columns converging on the city from the east and south. The strategy of the Fascist command in directing the weight of the attack northward along the Palencia road to the west of Santander was well conceived; the Government's right flank was turned, and on Tuesday General Solchaga's troops succeeded in occupying Torrelavega, about six miles from the coast, thus cutting off the garrison of

Santander from their only line of retreat—the road to Gijon. Next day the morale of Santander broke; the Civil Guard turned on what remained of the Government and insisted on surrender. The Basque militia withdrew from the city eastwards along the coast towards Castro Urdiales; anarchy raged through the streets. On Thursday the Fascist troops entered the city. Only a small enclave of territory in Asturias east of Oviedo now remains under the Republic. Fascist control of the ore of North-West Spain is thus nearly complete. From the military point of view, the important question is whether General Franco can now reinforce from the north his forces in Central Spain sufficiently to start major operations against Madrid or the Cuenca-Valencia road before the weather breaks.

Congress Rises

The United States Congress has dispersed after a singularly barren eight months' session, in which the President's overwhelming majority of Democratic supporters nominally pledged to the New Deal has availed him little. The legislative harvest is meagre. Apart from the Neutrality Act passed early in the Session, there is a somewhat ineffective Act to suppress evasions of income-tax; a Judicial Procedure Bill of minor importance has been passed; and a Housing Bill has become law with the emasculating amendment that expenditure is limited to £800 a dwelling. On the other hand, following the defeat of the Supreme Court Bill, the Black-Connery Wages and Hours Bill has been held up, and so have the important measures for remodelling the Federal Administration and dealing comprehensively on Agricultural Adjustment Act lines with the problems of drought, floods and soil erosion. In his attempt to purge the Supreme Court of its reactionary members, and in his nomination of Senator Black to fill Mr. Justice van Devanter's shoes, the President misjudged his hold over his followers both in the Senate and Congress. Economic recovery, coupled with the wave of strikes brought about by the activities of Mr. John L. Lewis's Committee for Industrial Organisation, seems to have weaned many of the representatives of the "solid South" from their attachment to the New Deal; and even if Mr. Roosevelt, as is rumoured, decides to recall Congress for a special November session, it is by no means certain that White House legislation will have an easy passage.

U.S. Party Alignments

On a longer view, there is a quality of fluidity in the whole political situation in the States. The President has too resilient a nature to take his set-back lying down, and he has still three years of office, three sessions of Congress, in which to pursue his programme. If Senators and Congressmen during their vacation find that Mr. Roosevelt's stock no longer stands so high as it did in a country temperamentally prone to short views of the "jam to-day" type, the legislature may reassemble intent on reverting to the old brand of "pork barrel" politics, caring little for the next depression and less for the principles of social justice embodied in the New Deal idea. In that event we may once again see a President of the U.S.A. kept by a recalcitrant Congress as a prisoner in the White House during his concluding years of office. But would Mr. Roosevelt acquiesce in such imprisonment? The possibility of his forcing a split in the Democrat Party has even been suggested. The existing two-party alignment is an historical anachronism; and the bourgeois Democrat of the South has nothing essentially in common with the farmers of the Middle West or the urban proletariat of the Eastern States. Mr. John L. Lewis is on the way to becoming a big political force, but his chances of running successfully as a Labour candidate for the presidency are still remote. Suppose a concordat between the President and the C.I.O. On such terms, and with the backing of the farming vote, Mr. Roosevelt—if he broke tradition and stood for a third time—might succeed where La Follette failed and change the whole face of American politics.

Stalemate in Palestine

The "preliminary opinion" on the proposed partition of Palestine which the Permanent Mandates Commission has drafted for the guidance of the League Council does not carry us much further forward. Though apparently doubtful whether conditions in the mandated territory would have so deteriorated in 1936 but for "a certain fluctuation of policy" on the part of the mandatory Power, the Commission admits in effect that the existing Mandate became "unworkable" from the time the Royal Commission pronounced that opinion and the British Government accepted it. In principle, therefore, there is nothing for it but partition; but the Commission is not happy about the practical steps proposed to that end. It suggests that consideration should be given to two different plans: (*a*) cantonisation of Jewish and Arab areas, with powers of self-government (including control of immigration), but a unified overriding Mandate still exercised by Great Britain; (*b*) the establishment of two separate States each under a British Mandate "until such time as each gives proof of its ability to govern itself." Neither plan seems to offer much chance of solving the immigration problem, reconciling the conflict between Jewish and Arab claims, or allaying the bitterness and suspicion with which the exercise of the Mandate is being watched. Both appear full of possibilities of trouble for the mandatory Power.

Labour's Pension Plan

Complaints have been made that the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, in company with other newspapers, did injustice in one respect last week to Labour's plan for improved pensions at 65. The point was made that, whereas the cost of the scheme was estimated to be £80,000,000 a year, rising to £90,000,000 per annum in ten years' time, it would be desirable to have an authoritative estimate of the cost in thirty years' time, having regard to the rapid prospective increase in the proportion of persons aged 65 and over. It was a mistake to imply that the Labour Party had omitted this aspect of the problem. On reference to the pamphlet giving full details of the scheme, it will be found that on page 23 a table is given showing Dr. Leybourne's estimate of population trends during the next twenty years and indicating a rise from 3,640,000 to 4,894,000 in the numbers of potential pensioners to be supported by an under-65 population falling from 41,504,000 to 36,300,000. An estimate follows that the cost of pensions at 65 might be expected to rise by 30 per cent.—i.e., presumably from

£80,000,000 to £104,000,000 a year by 1956. The case for an estimate of the cost in thirty years' time seems reinforced, particularly since cost must be measured in terms of taxable capacity of the actively employed. The pamphlet (page 28) observes, however, that " it is probably unwise to make financial provision for more than ten years ahead." This may be true, but in view of the certainly large and rapid increase in cost it will be a difficult position for a Labour Government to sustain.

The Harworth Sentences

We agree with Sir Walter Citrine that it is a pity that Sir Samuel Hoare did not receive a T.U.C. deputation on the subject of the Harworth sentences. He might well have seen the value of making his " contribution to the cause of industrial peace " more generous. The sentences were generally regarded as excessive, if not savage, and the petitions for their remission were widely signed and influentially supported. The acts which led to sentences ranging from a few months' up to two years' imprisonment were carried out in the heat of a long and bitter industrial struggle, which is now supposed to be at an end. Sir Samuel Hoare's contribution is to remit from a quarter to a third of the shorter sentences, so that men sentenced to imprisonment till February may be released for Christmas: the longer sentences, which are more deeply resented in the Notts coalfields, Sir Samuel has not as yet made up his mind about. From his own point of view he makes a mistake in hesitating; niggardly concessions defeat their object.

Wage Claims

In a world of rising prices, high profits and boasted prosperity labour demands for higher wages are advanced with confidence. At present they are not being totally rejected—that would be dangerous and impolitic from the employers' point of view—but being met in a niggardly spirit which is far from satisfying the wage-earners. Both the National Union of Railwaymen and the Locomotive Engineers and Firemen have now accepted the findings of the Railway Wage Tribunal. But the N.U.R. protested bitterly at the meanness of the award, instructing the Executive to pursue the claim for a 50s. minimum at the earliest date. The Locomotive Engineers have agreed to their award with even more reluctance. They complain particularly at the Tribunal's refusal to accept their claim to a fortnight's holiday with pay. Their indignation is justified. There are at present thousands of workers to whom the offer of a holiday is rather a tantalisation, a kind of punishment, than a rest and a release. For a holiday is no use without the money to pay for it. Holidays with pay are one of the working-class demands that will grow and become universal; the lack of a paid holiday in the year is one of the signs of the inferior status which capitalism still inflicts on the industrial worker while it is taken for granted as the universal right of the man with a black coat, a white collar and a salary. With nearly £6,000,000 additional net revenue accruing from the forthcoming increases in passenger and freight rates, the railway companies could well have afforded to take a more generous line.

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BRITAIN AND JAPAN

THE story of Manchuria, Abyssinia and Spain is being repeated in China. Deceived by a Liberal tradition of support for the victim of aggression rather than for the aggressor, the Englishman imagines that his Government is opposed to Japan's new invasion and this impression is confirmed by British warnings to the Japanese not to damage our interests in China. But the Japanese, guided by their experience in Manchuria, assume that their advance in Northern China is approved by Britain and in support of this view they can cite the *Times* and other Conservative papers as well as Mr. Eden's carefully phrased replies to questions in the House of Commons. The curious may find it interesting to turn back to our issue of May 22nd, where a correspondent with intimate knowledge of the Far East revealed that British policy was encouraging Japan's effort to master North China, and discussed the significance to Japan of the *Times* phrase about her " special position " there and the effect of her belief that Britain was ready to do a " deal " with her in China.

Where apparently both the British and Japanese Governments miscalculated was in thinking that a further large slice of China could be lopped off without a real war. The general supposition had been that China would not dare to resist, that Chiang Kai-shek would bluff, but that he dare not fight. On this assumption our Government was prepared to let Japan form a second Manchukuo with its capital at Peiping, provided that Japan would guarantee to leave British interests in Central and Southern China intact and treat at least the South as a British sphere of interest.

This was to reckon without the Chinese people. However vividly Chiang Kai-shek appreciates the tremendous hazard of war, whether the outcome be victory or defeat he cannot ignore the strength of national feeling in the China of 1937. There is now a desire to resist Japanese aggression at all costs. The Generalissimo is in a dilemma; to surrender further to Japan would end his rule; in resistance he has a faint chance of survival. War, however ruinous to the Chinese merchants and bankers, and however likely to produce an agrarian revolution and the expropriation of the Chinese landowners, is likely, if prolonged, to be equally disastrous to Japan, which has much the same agrarian problem and at least as acute social antagonisms. Moreover, one of the lessons which China has learnt from past history is that the Powers of the West only help those who help themselves. Japan was able after each successful war of aggression to obtain credits from the West; if China can put up a good fight she *may* even yet get some assistance. If she fails to defend herself, as in 1931, she will never be able to resist Japan, and the latter will do to Nanking to-morrow what she does to Peiping to-day.

Japan, already in a serious economic and financial situation, cannot readily conquer a China which resists stubbornly, although she may easily produce anarchy. In that case, Britain will pay for her short-sighted policy with the loss of her vast investments in China—indeed there will be nothing left for anybody. So long as it was expected that North China could be annexed as easily as Manchuria, the official voice of England blessed Japan's enterprise and sympathised with the difficulties

of our former "little ally." Now that Shanghai is aflame and each hour sees further British losses, the *Times* has changed its tone. The leading article of August 20th was quite explicit: "It is time for Japan to learn that the free hand which she desires in Eastern Asia will in no circumstances include licence to play havoc with the lawful interests of Great Britain." But the Japanese Djinn cannot so easily be put back into his box. Britain is largely responsible for letting him out and his "special interests" now require that he should strike at the heart of China in an endeavour to bring the war to a rapid conclusion, even if this entails severe damage to the "lawful interests" of British Imperialism. Our Foreign Office is naive if it assumes that at this stage Japan can carry out her China policy without damage to British interests.

How could the Japanese fail to have been encouraged by Mr. Eden's statement on July 19th, that Japan had not deliberately provoked the situation and that he sympathised with her "difficulties"? Mr. Eden is, as we know, an honest man, so when he was asked on July 29th by Wedgwood Benn if he had made clear to the Japanese Government that we should not approve of the further attempt to detach provinces from the sovereignty of Nanking he did not reply in the affirmative. His reply, though a masterpiece of ambiguity, was a clear enough assurance to the Japanese that Britain does not disapprove of a partial dismemberment of China:

> I think the Rt. Hon. Gentleman will see from my answers during the last few days and the various declarations we have made that we very much regret the situation, the more so as we hoped for an improvement in Far Eastern relations generally which cannot take place while the present conditions persist.

In other words, "we" had hoped that Japan could assume control of North China and start on her friendly economic collaboration with China without needing to make herself more popular with the Chinese by bombarding their cities and killing them by the thousand.

British representatives on the spot were no less ready than Mr. Eden to encourage Japan and bring pressure to bear on China not to resist. The *Asahi* reported in the third week of July that the British Ambassador in China had pointed out to Nanking that the latter could best avoid a crisis by ceasing to send its army northward and recognising settlement of the "July 7th incident" as a local matter—i.e., by abandoning any claim to sovereignty over North China. The *Japan Chronicle* printed a report from Nanking on July 22nd, saying that "Nanking is conniving at local accord on British advice."

Convinced of British support, the Japanese press no longer troubles to conceal Japan's real aims or the true causes of the war. The cause is stated to be "the energy and stubbornness with which the Nanking Government is pursuing its set purpose of re-establishing its sovereignty over North China"; Japan's "determination not to allow the conditions in that region to reshape themselves as Nanking wishes"; and Japan's determination to maintain her special position in North China." (*Hochi* and *Chugai Shogyo.*) The "liberal" *Asahi* expresses it yet more cynically: "The dispatch of Japanese troops is not based on treaty rights, but on the system of self-defence against China's systematic policy of opposing Japan with violence." Truly a beautiful variant on the old fable of the wolf and the lamb.

Until the "incident" of July 7th, official circles hoped that Japan was about to adopt the more respectable courses of the old-established Imperialist Powers and to confine herself to the economic penetration of North China. The plain fact is that she has not got the resources to do so, and that structurally, owing to her failure to "liquidate" feudalist relations in agriculture, she is not fitted for economic penetration, even if she could have got the British financial assistance which she expected. Japan has neither the capital goods nor the financial resources for economic imperialist policies; her exploitation of subject peoples must continue to take the form used by the military conquerors of the past: the tax collector, the usurer and the merchant follow in the wake of her armies, not the financier, the engineer and the emigrant. She invaded Manchuria nearly six years ago, but she has neither developed it nor colonised it. She lacks the necessary capital.

Japan's own situation is in fact a decisive argument for military action rather than peaceful penetration. Her economic position has rapidly deteriorated during the past year. Just as the world depression was Japan's opportunity, so the world armaments boom is ruinous to her. The steeply rising prices of the raw materials she must import have drastically reduced the advantages her manufacturers derive from cheap labour, and doubled the cost of her huge armaments programme. Her exports now cover only about two-thirds of her imports. The price of rice is higher than for nine years and the cost of living is rising month by month. The position of the peasantry is going from bad to worse owing to the high price and shortage of manufactured goods. The 2 milliard yen now demanded by the Army for the North China campaign will bring total expenditure in the current year up to nearly 5½ milliard yen as against an ordinary revenue of about a milliard and a half. Increased expenditure is not met by increased taxation of the wealthy, but by larger and larger bond issues. The Japanese state is on the verge of bankruptcy.

Japan hoped to conquer by a threat. A long war is likely to mean collapse in Japan and social revolution in China. There will therefore be pressure on the British Government to save Japan financially, and since many Conservatives still think of Japan as the gendarme of all imperialist interests in the Far East and a bulwark against Bolshevism, some such support might be following from this country, in spite of the experience of Manchuria and Japan's clear intention of ousting all rivals from China if she is victorious. In fact the only guarantee to-day for the preservation of British "legitimate interests" in China is the stability of the Nanking Government.

It may be urged, and truly urged, that Britain and the United States still have the power to exercise a restraining, if not a decisive, influence on this struggle. Japan is plunging into war with a primitive agriculture which means that her rice productivity falls with every additional man she puts into the battlefield, with an empty Treasury, a very small gold reserve, a vast internal debt and an extremely unfavourable balance of trade. Moreover, she has no resources to finance the war except her textile and raw silk exports. In these circumstances, even apart from any question of withholding the oil supply which is vital to Japan, it remains true that she could not ignore a threat to her trade with the British Empire and the United States.

Unfortunately it is part of the Nemesis of six years of insincere foreign policy that no initiative for any restraining action of this kind is to-day in the least likely to come from either Britain or the United States.

UNEMPLOYABLE ?

WE suggested in a recent article (*N.S. & N.*, July 31st) that, apart from the special problems presented by the Depressed Areas, there were three problems with which the existing methods of dealing with the unemployed were making no real effort to cope. These three problems are, in brief, the continued reluctance of employers to engage elderly workers, despite the widespread revival of economic activity; the persistence of unemployment among young workers who have never, because of the depression, had a chance of obtaining an assured foothold in any regular trade, and are in many cases now suffering from serious disabilities, partly physical but also in part psychological, as a result of their prolonged idleness at a meagre standard of living; and, finally, the limit set to the employment of less skilled workers by the shortage, at any rate in certain industries, of skilled labour.

The third of these problems raises, of course, the question of the Trade Union attitude. Skilled craftsmen, especially in crafts which are liable to extreme fluctuations in the volume of employment, are not at all disposed to agree to special schemes designed to augment the supply of skilled labour during a boom, when they know that the probable consequences will be a desperate scramble for jobs as soon as the next slump sets in. They fight, therefore, against schemes of "dilution," or special apprenticeship, unless they are given a reasonable guarantee that the demand for their type of skill will remain at a high level over a number of years. It will be remembered that the late Mr. Wheatley was able to overcome the reluctance of the skilled builders to agree to "augmentation of labour" by giving them a guarantee which they accepted—though in part it was not fully implemented by the Baldwin Government between 1925 and 1929.

The present boom, being based in considerable part on rearmament, puts special difficulties in the way of any acceptable guarantee—for who can say either how long the armament race will last or how large the demand for steel and steel products will be when it is over? Certainly no assurance of continued employment for an enlarged body of skilled workers can be given by the present Government on terms which the craft Unions can be expected to accept. We are driven back, accordingly, on making the best possible of the skilled labour that is available, in such a way that it can be used in conjunction with an increased quantity of less skilled labour. Except in a few trades, those who remain out of work to-day belong predominantly to the less skilled grades of workers.

Side by side with this problem is that of the older workers who lost their employment with the onset of the slump, or even earlier, and have had no opportunity of adapting themselves gradually to the changing technical conditions of production. This problem, especially serious in the mining industry on account of the very rapid advance of mechanisation, exists on a smaller scale in many other occupations. The man who has been out of work for years on end, or at any rate has had no more than casual jobs, is very often unable to hold down a job to-day even if he can find one, both because his stamina has been weakened by prolonged idleness, whereas the pace of work has increased, and because, even if he gets employment at his old trade, he finds its technique so changed as to make it practically a new one which he has to learn from the beginning. Thus it often happens that the man who gets a job in his old trade loses it again more easily than a newcomer transferred from some quite different trade, because the employer is prepared to make allowances for the newcomer's inexperience, but not for the old hand's apparent incapacity for his own job. Moreover, many employers, expecting the old men who have been long out of work to find difficulty in adapting themselves, simply refuse to engage them at all—so that, even if they could learn the new technique, they are not given the chance.

Employers, as the recent report of the Unemployment Assistance Board points out, show a steadily growing preference for young workers, whereas the average age of the employable population is increasing fast. This preference acts as an additional factor stimulating mechanisation; for there is only a limited supply of the kinds of labour which most employers are prepared to engage. Under these circumstances, it is possible for production to increase very fast, wherever it is not held back by shortage of highly skilled workers, without much impression being made upon the volume of unemployment, when once the supply of really able-bodied young labour has been absorbed.

But whither does this lead? As the average age of the population continues to increase, the proportion of the available workers whom employers simply refuse to employ increases with it; and the unemployed, so far from constituting any sort of "reserve of labour" tend more and more to become unemployable, even in times of boom. If this tendency is to be accepted, and not fought against, the only logical thing to do is to institute a general system of adequate retiring pensions for the older workers, thus wiping them out of the labour market altogether. But it is a very material point that, if this was done on any general basis (it would of course be quite another matter to do it in a more limited way, say for coal miners or for the distressed areas) the fund for the support of a growing number of pensioners would very soon have to come out of the product of a rapidly diminishing body of active workers.

This constitutes a strong case for paying much more attention to restoring the employability of the older workers. So far, schemes of training and instruction have been practically confined to young workers, and mainly to young men, except in the case of training for domestic service. But it now appears that many of the older workers need training, or rather re-training, fully as much as their juniors. It would be perfectly possible to provide facilities of this sort; and it would also be possible to provide special inducements to employers to engage older skilled workers who have been long out of regular employment—say, by a subsidy in aid of wages paid over a certain number of weeks, but payable only when the worker's services were retained for a minimum period sufficient to test his capacity for adapting himself to the changed conditions of work. It would, moreover, be possible for employers to use, in certain works and processes, methods of production to which it would be easier for the older men to adapt themselves than it can be where a few of them are simply thrust into a team of youngsters, and expected immediately to fall in with the changed conditions of work.

Thirdly, there is the problem of the young unemployables who quite clearly exist in considerable numbers even in the areas in which the demand for labour is most brisk. Complaints are quite often heard that workers of this type refuse to avail themselves of the chances offered by the Labour Ministry's training and instructional centres—though it must be remembered that these have been recruited under a system of giving preference to workers from the depressed areas; so that young workers from relatively prosperous neighbourhoods have not had much of a chance. It is, however, true that there is little eagerness to make use of these schemes. How should it be otherwise? Many of the workers who are ranked as "unemployable," or nearly so, have in fact grown up under conditions which preclude habits of self-reliance or self-help, except in the strongest-minded. Many of them come from households in which the father also has been almost continuously out of work: with the double consequence that it has come to seem perfectly natural for the family to be living "on the dole," and that the experience of a square meal has been for years on end a rarity. Do we really expect these under-nourished and often ailing victims of circumstance to

show the characteristics of grit, determination, and physical endurance which we should like to see in them? How can they? If we want to turn them into decent, self-respecting, self-helpful persons, the first thing to do is to feed them up properly, and not to keep them barely alive. They want feeding a great deal better, and not worse, than the general run of employed workers who have not been through the same debilitating experience.

But to do anything like that, we are told, would be to make the lot of the unemployed more "eligible" than that of a great body of employed workers. The more shame to us, if to feed men decently and enable them to afford a reasonable supply of the other necessaries of life would be to raise them above the living standards of a host of men who live by fairly regular wages. The proper remedy, of course, is to lift up the wages of the low-paid employments; and there is an excellent opportunity to do this now, while trade is booming, by an extension of the Trade Board system and the provision of more comprehensive machinery for the enforcement of a basic living wage. If this is not to be done, the only course is to ignore the fact that to feed the unemployed back to health means abandoning the "less eligibility" notion; for it is assuredly not good policy, in view of our declining supply of young workers, to allow an appreciable fraction of those who are available to run uselessly to seed.

This problem is, of course, rendered the more urgent by the rapidly rising trend of prices. The Unemployment Assistance Board fixed its revised scales more than a year ago. But during the past year the official cost of living index figure has risen nine points—from 146 to 155, as compared with 100 in 1914. Even if the scales were barely adequate a year ago (and we doubt if they were) they are not so to-day, and will be still less so in a few months' time. There is, therefore, ample warrant for the demand recently put forward by the Trades Union Congress for a further upward revision of the normal allowances, as well as for more generous treatment of individual cases.

It is, however, Utopian to suggest that the scales will be so far revised as to yield to the unemployed who have been long out of work more than a standard of life so meagre as to be depressing to human vitality, even if it reaches bare adequacy from the standpoint of calorific requirements. It is therefore not to be expected, even if the scales are improved, that the unemployed will either be inclined to skip about out of sheer excess of animal spirits or, when they get back into a mine or factory after a long spell of idleness, will be able at once to work at the same speed or efficiency as other workers who have been more fortunate than themselves. Old and young, they must be given the chance of adapting themselves; and it must be a fair chance, over a long enough period to make it real. Nor must it be forgotten that the unemployed man, when he gets back to work and wages, is often under another handicap as against his fellows. He has often debts to pay off, and therefore cannot spend all he earns on current living. He has still to live at a low standard for some time, and this stands in the way of his getting back to full efficiency, and constitutes yet another cause why he is often discharged as unemployable before he has been allowed any real chance of recovering his skill and morale.

A LONDON DIARY

APART from a few Nazi propagandists in this country I can think of no one who will find satisfaction in Norman Ebbutt's expulsion from Germany except perhaps Mr. Ebbutt himself. For four and a half years he has borne the heat and burden of the day, harassed by all the forms of blackmail which Mr. Goebbels knows so well how to levy on foreign journalists in Berlin. We are all in Mr. Ebbutt's debt. It would have been easy for him to fly off the handle and get expelled when Nazi brutalities and lies first outraged his humanity. Instead he stayed, reporting with such care and such scrupulous accuracy that the Nazis, having never found any excuse for a public attack, have been driven at length to get rid of him by the childish and contemptible expedient of a "reprisal." His steady reporting of the facts, studiously understated—though, even so, often rather too strong to be relished in Printing House Square—has done far more than many sensational books to let the public know what sort of place Nazi Germany is. It has been difficult to read his unemotional statement of the facts and to subscribe to the new pretence that what goes on in other countries is "no concern" of ours, as if there were lines across which cruelty and falsehood did not matter, as if indeed, as Hitler would persuade us, there were no human, but only national standards.

* * *

While the forces of democracy quarrel among themselves and discuss possible accommodations with the Fascist Powers, evidence of Fascist plans for destroying democracy accumulate. The latest example issues from the archives of the Spanish Monarchist Party at Valencia, where the Government announces the discovery of the minutes of a meeting at Rome on March 31st, 1934, at which Mussolini met the heads of the various Spanish Conservative parties and offered to help a Monarcho-Fascist revolt with rifles, hand-grenades, machine-guns and pesetas. This was reported in the *Daily Telegraph* and *Manchester Guardian* on Thursday of last week. The evidence of international Fascist co-operation to exploit the mineral wealth of Spain is more abundant—though most people knew nothing about it until Frank Hanighen's article on "The War for Raw Materials in Spain" was published in this journal on April 24th of this year. Hitler rubbed in the point with his remarks about the value of iron ore at Bilbao—remarks suppressed in the German press. Some interesting details are now added in *Notes on Spain*, issued by the Union of Democratic Control (34 Victoria Street, S.W.1), at the cost of twopence. There is a significant quotation from the May issue of *Deutsche Volkswirt* (Dr. Schacht's organ) about the importance of Bilbao ore to the British rearmament programme—which gives a hint of the kind of lever Franco and the Germans can use to encourage British friendship. *Notes on Spain* also refers to the agreements made between Germany, as represented by Metallgesellschaft, and Italian metal companies for joint exploitation of Spanish resources so that Germany and Italy might become independent of Britain, France and Sweden. It also adds the interesting fact—which has been carefully checked up in the City—that:

> German and British mining interests in Spain are linked together in European Pyrites, Ltd., the largest organisation in the world for the sale of pyrites and pyrites residues. This firm is jointly owned by the Metallgesellschaft and Rio Tinto Co., Ltd., the largest copper producer in Europe.

* * *

Blunt, it may still be remembered, was the name of the Bishop who made public his uneasiness about the piety of King Edward VIII, and thus gave the signal for a long-delayed but inevitable explosion. It was suspected at the time that his "View Hulloa" had been concerted with higher powers, but the Bishop declared categorically that when he wrote his speech he had not heard so much as a rumour of Mrs. Simpson's existence. This statement excited general surprise, and even some scepticism. But the Bishop is now reported to have repeated his declaration in Canada with an interesting addition. He had indeed written his speech, it now appears, in ignorance of Mrs. Simpson's existence, but before he delivered it, an undefined period of time elapsed, during which this ignorance was dispelled. He had not lied, that is to say. He had merely equivocated. It can scarcely be maintained that his object in making this statement was not to deceive, and his reason at that time for wishing to deceive remains as mysterious as his present motive for confessing the deception. But it is amusing to learn that Bishop Blunt was not as aptly named as we had been given to understand. Every learned casuist will agree in acquitting him of lying, but the mere layman will wonder, not for the

first time, at the skill displayed by eminent ecclesiastics in deliberately and with a good conscience economising the truth.

* * *

One day last week, during the course of its East Anglian manoeuvres, the Army descended on a quiet north Essex village and proceeded to set up its guns on the village green. In one of the neighbouring cottages an old woman lay sick; but when the Army was told of this it replied that it was sorry but it must obey orders. So the guns were fired; and, although the old woman did not die of the shock, the butcher's and the grocer's windows were blown out and one or two ceilings fell down. When the G.O.C. was called in next day, to view the damage, he was overheard to say he supposed orders *had* been given to fire on the green, though he couldn't imagine why, when there were plenty of fields round about. And that was very much how the village felt about the affair. But perhaps the reason is to be found in the numerous military notices that are nailed on to trees and gates in lanes all over the district: "Game Preserve; No Firing."

* * *

It has been plausibly argued that the decoration and furniture of luxury liners ought not to be distinguished by good taste. The Italian tenors, Hollywood film-stars, Chicago meat-packers, Indian Maharajahs, English lecturers and Transylvanian financiers whose names are most valued in a passenger-list prefer a profusion of gilt and marble, it is said, and insist upon Louis Dixneuf staterooms, a period ballroom, and an Olde Englishe Barre. Whether this is true of the Transatlantic service remains uncertain; that it is untrue of the passage to Australia has been conclusively demonstrated. For the Orient Line a year or two ago had the audacity to produce a ship, the *Orion*, with public rooms which did not look like a setting for a super-film, a ship in fact which was designed to look ship-shape and was decorated throughout with unostentatious simplicity. The *Orion* was an immediate success with her passengers, and a sister-ship has now been put into service, designed upon similar lines. I spent a night in her last week and was delighted that English taste would in future be represented so worthily in the world of shipping. Mr. O'Rorke, the architect responsible, and the artists employed, notably Miss Marion Dorn, have made the *Orcades* at once simple and gay, steering her successfully between the Scylla of Bakst and the Charybdis of beige. Invariably in my previous experience the Second and Tourist class quarters of a liner have been sweeter to the eye than the First Class, merely because less money has been dissipated upon their ornamentation. In the *Orcades* the First Class quarters are positively preferable. Moreover, I found the accommodation of the crew considerably better than is usual, though not as good as one would wish. A liner is a microcosm of our society, in which usually only a door divides spacious luxury from a positive slum.

* * *

I knew, or thought I knew, what the Licensing Acts used to mean by a *bona fide* traveller, entitled at the price of some walking exercise to a Sabbath drink, but what constitutes a *bona fide* railway traveller? I ask because I do not know whether I have committed, or been party to, a crime. The other night, at about 10 p.m., taking a short cut to a friend's house through Victoria Station, I came across a fruiterer's shop open and offering for sale some delectable plums, a basket of which I thought I would buy as a present for my friend. When I sought to make the purchase, the shop-keeper directed my attention to a notice: "Open for the convenience of Southern Railway passengers only." As he firmly declined to advise me on means of becoming a legal passenger, I took myself to the suburban booking office, and requested "A cheap ticket, to buy plums, please." In the end I paid 2*d.* for a third single to Battersea Park. Thus legalised I bought my plums under the nose of an unsmiling policeman, who looked at, but did not scrutinise my ticket. Was my action indictable? And, if so, on what grounds? False pretences, jactitation, or what? I am no criminal lawyer; but I have never been to Battersea Park and I did get my plums.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to H. Powell.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

In the small groups of English folk found all over the Empire, everyone knows everyone else, hence the bank clerk's wife will be entertained by (and must in her turn entertain) the British Consul's lady. There is consequently a levelling of classes, and the levelling is upwards. Everyone uses finger bowls.—*The Queen.*

The new Bishop of Lichfield, the Right Rev. E. S. Woods, is to be enthroned next month, and there is much speculation in sporting circles in the Midlands whether he will find time to shoot this season.—*Observer.*

Mr. Lennox-Boyd is leaving shortly for a fortnight's tour of Nationalist Spain . . . He hopes to have an opportunity of inspecting the guns which General Franco and his allies have erected overlooking Gibraltar and the Straits, and to satisfy himself by a personal inspection of the inherent friendliness of these batteries.—*Evening Standard.*

"We were told," he said, "that several hundred people had been killed and wounded in the International Settlement.

"I admit that that was news, but it was not until the end of the story that we heard that only a few Europeans had been involved."—Cyril Tolley reported in *Evening Standard.*

I have now worked with the Oxford Group over the whole of Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Holland and England. . . . I have taken part in hundreds of meetings, attended by hundreds of thousands of people, and I have never heard anything confessed in public which could not have been said in Piccadilly Circus.—Mr. Fredrik Ramm, "a distinguished Norwegian Editor," in the *Church of England.*

NO CHANGE

How does it come about that of all classes sportsmen are the most conservative? Is it that, in so far as they are sportsmen, they tend to look back on the days of their youth as a Paradise that has somehow been undone by innovation and so conclude that change is seldom a change for the better? How often does one hear the middle-aged ex-Rugby player deploring the state into which the game has fallen since every forward became a specialist, with the wing forward as the villain of the piece! Football, we are told, is not what it used to be. There are veterans who even hate the modern custom of fixing enormous numbers on the backs of the players. These numbers, they say, are merely for the convenience of the spectators, and for the true sportsman the spectator does not exist. In the eyes of the true sportsman the spectator is merely an admission-paying nonentity, an outsider. I feel sure that, when it was first suggested that a stand should be provided for spectators in a Rugby ground, the finer spirits cried out against the innovation, maintaining that it would merely bring to football matches spectators of the wrong sort—trivial-minded ignoramuses of both sexes who would encourage the players to show off and turn the whole thing into a spectacle.

Cricketers, too, are seldom revolutionaries in their attitude to novelty. We have had during the week an interesting example of the conservatism of a veteran cricketer in the comments of Lord Hawke on the challenge sent by the captain of Middlesex to the captain of Yorkshire to play an extra match after the county championship has been decided.

As everybody except those millions of people who take no interest in cricket knows, Middlesex and Yorkshire by their desperately close race for the championship have this season reminded honest men and women that cricket—even county cricket—is not only still alive but one of the most exciting of games. In recent years, rightly or wrongly, a large section of the public has been complaining that too much county cricket is a mere spectacle, and a rather depressing spectacle at that. Even enthusiasts for cricket have expressed their doubts whether in an age of speed a game that slowly and sleepily meanders through three days will continue to attract a public large enough to preserve county cricket from bankruptcy. After all, county cricket is an inheritance from a leisurely world, and the ordinary busy man has seldom time to see a whole match. He sees a piece of one match and a piece of another. It is as though a playgoer, an enthusiast for the theatre, never had time to see more than one act of any particular play.

Now even one act of a play is worth seeing if a Bernhardt or an Irving is on the stage. But what if the play and the acting are mediocre and there is little but steady-going competence to be seen? That is all that the spectators see on many an afternoon of county cricket, and Middlesex, under Robins's captainship, have done more than any other team to restore the natural liveliness of the game. They are the least sleepy team in England, with a rich variety of talents in batting, bowling and fielding to make the game full of enjoyment and surprise—a lovely spectacle on a fine day and at the same time a keen contest. Even if half the batsmen fail, there always seems to be some temporary genius in reserve to retrieve the situation; and, for comedy to wind up, there is as often as not the gigantic J. Smith to send the ball for six into the pavilion or some other part of the suburbs of the ground.

Having done so much to resuscitate public interest in cricket and having brought Middlesex as it were into the final for the championship, Robins realised that, whichever side won the championship, there would still be room for doubt whether the better side had won. He therefore invited the Yorkshire captain to arrange a match at the end of the season, in which the two leading teams should meet and fight the championship over again against each other. The challenge stirred the pulses of hundreds of thousands of people who had remained coldly indifferent to the challenge of Tommy Farr to Joe Louis. They looked forward to a great contest—a historic contest, as people say—which would have all the tenseness of a Test Match and yet be as light-hearted as a boys' game. It looked as though, for the first time for some years, cricket were going to hold its own against football even in September.

Lord Hawke, however, does not see the thing in that light. Challenges of this kind are an innovation, and, in cricket, innovations are suspect. "It is a breakaway from tradition," says Lord Hawke. "It is setting up a dangerous precedent." I am myself a venerator of tradition. I should not like to see the equivalent of free verse or polyphonic prose introduced into cricket. I should think it indecent if cricketers played in shorts. I should hate to see an umpire dressed like anything but a house-painter. At the same time, I should welcome any innovation which made cricket less of a mere spectacle and more of a contest—a game full of the delights of good play and suspense and excitement. Why, cricket has lately become once more a game that incites the common man to buy edition after edition of the evening papers in order to discover the latest score. And this is due almost entirely to the rivalry between Yorkshire and Middlesex. Tameness has vanished. What better moment could be chosen for staging a contest between rival champions that would make cricket as interesting to the newspapers as a murder trial or the opinions of a male film-star about women?

It would be a break with tradition, however. So was the invention of the plough. So, once, was the use of red currant jelly with saddle of mutton. So was the peerage. So were forks. So was the three-day cricket match. I hate unnecessary innovation, but, after all, man would never have raised himself above the level of the savage without making some change or other, if it was only as regards costume. If we had not broken away from tradition, the men who are now playing so admirably for Yorkshire might instead of playing cricket, be offering up human sacrifices to idols. And Robins and his men might be running about the woods of Middlesex painted with woad. It is a disturbing thought that, but for the activities of revolutionary innovators, none of the great English games—football or cricket or knur-and-spell—would ever have come into existence.

When I read Lord Hawke's attack on the proposal for a challenge match between Yorkshire and Middlesex on the ground that it was an innovation, I could not help thinking of the old lady who some years ago protested against cremation on the ground that it was "the thin end of the wedge." Why wedges are so unpopular with the conservatively minded, I have never been able to find out. I myself have never heard of a wedge's being used for any but a good purpose. The wedge—which was once, I admit, an innovation—is a simple mechanical device for splitting wood or rock, and, so far as I can discover, the thin end of it is absolutely indispensable. Would some of these conservatives, I wonder, on passing workmen who were driving a wedge into a rock, call out to them warningly: "Take care. That is the thin end of the wedge. The thin end of the wedge is always dangerous"?

It is only fair to Lord Hawke to say, however, that he has a definite idea of what the thin end of the wedge is going to do. "It is," he declares, "opening the way for clubs and captains to throw challenges about regardless of authority." Is Lord Hawke really afraid, if this thing is allowed to pass, that when Australia comes to play England next, Sir John Squire will throw out a challenge to the winner of the Test-match rubber to play his team of Invalids? Or does he imagine that at the end of some season Mr. Clifford Bax will throw out a challenge to the champion county to meet his team of amateurs and decide who are the better men? As a matter of fact, I can think of few things more harmless than that clubs and captains should begin to throw challenges about regardless of authority. There is nothing easier than to ignore a challenge. If Henry Cotton challenged me to a game of golf, I should merely throw his letter into the waste-paper basket. The chief point about Robins's challenge to Yorkshire, however, is that it is a really imaginative challenge, that it is in the best tradition of sportsmanship, and that, if it is accepted, it should result in one of the most enjoyable games of cricket played in modern times. It is, I agree, the thin end of the wedge; but then, according to many people, county cricket has been badly in need of the thin end of the wedge for some years. Nothing can save it—so I have heard it said—except either that or dynamite.

Y. Y.

THE PRICE OF FUR

THE immense number of fur-bearing animals that are trapped and killed each year is familiar to NEW STATESMAN AND NATION readers. The large number of skins taken from animals reared in confinement is not yet so large as that provided by trap and gun, but it is a yearly increasing figure. Silver fox is coming down in price, and the remark is often made: "These skins are perfectly all right; no cruelty about them; they are from tame foxes; no trapping; they are painlessly killed."

The silver fox trade is one that has spread from Canada to various countries in Europe. Some few foxes are bred in England, but a far larger number in Norway, where the weather is colder and the climate altogether better suited to produce a heavy fur. The industry is conducted there on a large scale. Many of the villages along the shores of the southern fjords support establishments of silver foxes, which make themselves evident to the visitor by the characteristic

smell, which is often wafted in at hotel windows. This summer, when I was in Norway, I had good opportunity of observing some of these fox farms.

Those that I saw were kept beautifully clean. Under one covering-roof there would be, as a rule, a large number of compartments, of about six feet by four, with a through-way into another compartment of the same size. A trap door divided the two. These were all built three feet from the earth, and the floor of the runs, as also the sides, were of ordinary, fine-mesh galvanised wire. The confined foxes live for the greater portion of their lives on the wire platforms. Their excrement naturally falls through the open-work floor and can easily be swept up from underneath. At mating time, the foxes are sometimes, but not always, turned out into larger runs, which are on the ground. This comparative freedom of a few days is the only contact with their native earth. Even the young cubs are all reared upon wire. They walk, feed and sleep upon it.

I asked one of the fox-farmers, a communicative and intelligent man, whether the foxes would not like some den to retire into on occasions, or some place on the earth where they could scratch from time to time. Were they not cold, sleeping on the exposed wire during the hard frosts of winter? He smiled at my simplicity. They might like it. Yes! But cold made their fur grow thick, and the hard frost and cold winds, both above and below gave it the necessary silver dusting. I felt reproved for my foolish questions.

The life of the animal was not, of course, taken into consideration. The fur was a commercial asset. That it should be thick and of the correct colour was what mattered. I was warned in time not to communicate my further thoughts about the marvellous gait of the fox, which anyone who has ever seen the fox running in its native woods cannot have failed to notice. Is it not something approaching a crime against life—shall we say a minor crime?—to confine such an animal which has such an inspired and vital contact with the earth, such sensitiveness to its every scent, upon a platform of wire, suspended in the air? The wretched creatures have not even a den in which to hide their heads.

I asked how they were fed. On the very best of good food, he assured me. On eggs (I saw large heaps of empty shells to bear witness to the truth of this), on herrings, on whale-meat, on dried fish in various forms, and on a mixture of flour and dried fish. Their diet had been most carefully worked out. How were the foxes killed? They were killed during the winter months, when their fur was in its best possible condition. The fox, when it was due to die, was put into a small harness, so that it could not dodge its head; it was then hit smartly on the nose with a club. If the blow was delivered correctly it died instantaneously. There was some art in giving the right blow, a blow hard enough to kill, and yet not so hard as to smash the elegant narrow nose.

I visited several farms, and always found the animals clean and healthy, and as I became familiar with the sight of scores of foxes padding up and down on their wire platforms, I came to see the many advantages, from the farmer's point of view, of this method of keeping foxes. The wire enabled them to be kept clean easily. If they were off the earth, they were not so liable to be infected with worms. Wire was cheap, cheaper than wood. There were in fact no disadvantages from the farmer's point of view.

And yet, if a fox could choose, would it not prefer, if indeed it has to be skinned in any case, a year or two of freedom, and an anguishing death in an iron gin at the end, to this captivity which withholds it from the earth, when every instinct prompts it to scratch and burrow, and when its body is so superbly adapted to run over the ground, in so light and debonair a manner? And which of these lives, and the deaths which follow them, would the lady choose for the little animal whose soft pelt she puts round her neck, and which clasps her with such grim fidelity, one hind foot in a foxy muzzle, not too severely broken by the death-blow?

E. L. GRANT WATSON

Correspondence

LABOUR AND THE LEFT BOOK CLUB

SIR,—Last week's issue of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION included a brief and rather contemptuous unsigned review of Mr. Attlee's important new book, *The Labour Party in Perspective*—" no sense of urgency," " slight and inadequate," etc.—and also certain references, in A London Diary and in the correspondence columns, to myself arising out of an article by Professor Laski in this month's *Left News*. This conjunction gives me an opening for some observations on the political scene.

I hope that, in spite of its slight and inadequate review in this paper, Mr. Attlee's book will be widely read. It contains a clear, simple and effective statement of the Socialist case, adapted to British political conditions and illustrated by Labour's Immediate Programme. " I am convinced," says Mr. Attlee, " that the achievement of power in the near future is possible, if every member of the Party will do his share in making converts." But, he wisely adds, " much earnest propaganda is wasted through failure to appreciate the psychology of the average elector." It is not by chance that two of the best political articles which have appeared in this paper in the last few months, by Mr. Crossman *On Losing Elections* and by Mr. Reynolds on the problem of winning the agricultural constituencies, were both written by intelligent men with recent personal experience of fighting difficult parliamentary seats. Such an experience is one of the best aids to the formation of good political judgment. Living in select circles of like-minded people, one is in constant danger of losing touch with unselect reality.

All Socialists have a " sense of urgency "; otherwise they would not be Socialists. But all have not the same sense of what things are most urgent. In the view of the National Executive of the Labour Party, what is most urgent is to make the Labour Party fit to win the next general election. This involves many and diverse practical undertakings: a general keying-up of organisation, a great increase in membership and financial resources, the intensification and improvement of propaganda and its concentration on a comparatively small number of essential issues and, not least, the creation of a spirit of self-confidence and unity within the Party.

Towards these ends the Executive has acted, and will continue to act, vigorously. The work of its Distressed Areas Commission; its issue of Labour's Immediate Programme—nearly 300,000 copies of which have been sold—supplemented by its detailed scheme for better pensions; its consultations with Constituency Labour Parties, followed by its proposals for changes in the Party constitution and especially in the mode of election of the Executive itself; its plans for a sustained and continuous Campaign for Power, including a special Crusade Week next month and a big new membership drive; all these are examples of such vigorous action and I could give many others.

But there have been factors impeding our advance during this period and working against that self-confidence and unity within the Party which it is urgent to strengthen. One has been a persistent grizzle in certain quarters against " the present leadership of the Labour Party," a much used phrase which is apparently meant to include not only Mr. Attlee, but the collective membership of the National Executive, the Executive of the Parliamentary Party and the General Council of the T.U.C. Another has been the persistent advocacy, in much the same quarters, of a " United Front " with the Communists and the I.L.P. (though the latter, having now gone Trotzkyite, has lately tended to fade out of the picture) or, in slightly different quarters, of a " Popular Front " with Communists, Liberals and other miscellaneous elements outside the Labour Party. The basis of all these campaigns for new " Fronts " is the defeatist assumption that the Labour Party, fighting independently and without allies, cannot win the next election, an assumption which is emphatically rejected by " the present leadership of the Party."

I regret these campaigns principally because they have diverted much energy and the minds of many active workers from more urgent problems. And all the indications are that the Labour Movement as a whole remains obstinately unconverted by these pleas.

We are now within five weeks of the Annual Conference of the Labour Party. If once more, at Bournemouth, as at previous Conferences, these proposals are rejected, I hope, and so must

everyone who shares my sense of urgency, that they will be dropped and that their advocates will loyally accept an adverse majority decision and devote their energies henceforth to working within the framework of the Party's policy and organisation. We cannot afford a further prolongation of these controversies. We must seek to make the Bournemouth Conference a turning point in the history of the Party and a starting point for an early and decisive electoral victory.

This brings me to Professor Laski's article in the *Left News*. The offer of four substantial articles, two in the *Left News* of September and two in that of October, was made to me personally. It was proposed that these articles should be written by me and by three other members of the Party, whose names were suggested by Mr. Gollancz and Professor Laski, and whom I was asked to approach.

I consulted these three and certain other colleagues before giving my reply, but the matter was not brought before the National Executive. In conversation with Mr. Gollancz and Professor Laski I also explored, tentatively, certain other possibilities. Finally I proposed to Mr. Gollancz that the question should stand over until after the Bournemouth Conference, when, if he desired, discussion might be resumed.

The *Left News* has hitherto been a persistent advocate of a United Front with the Communists. It has also adopted a habitual posture of criticism towards "the present leadership of the Labour Party." A very high proportion of its articles and reviews are written by Messrs. Gollancz, Laski and Strachey, the Triumvirate of the Left Book Club, one a Communist and the other two, though members of the Labour Party, very sympathetic to Communism.

The books published by the Left Book Club also show a heavy predominance of Communist and near-Communist authors. These were facts to be faced in any frank discussion on the terms of possible co-operation.

To monopolise two issues of the *Left News* with articles in support of Labour's Immediate Programme was, at first sight, a most attractive proposition from the point of view of my colleagues and myself. To obtain, by this means, a large number of new readers, and new Left Book Club members from among supporters of "the present leadership of the Labour Party" and from the general public was also, no doubt, an attractive proposition from the point of view of the Left Book Club. The cost of publishing and pushing these two issues would, I fancy, have been a good investment for the Club in terms of new membership. But for us, to monopolise two issues and then to finish, leaving this influx of new members to the one-sided propaganda of the *Left News* as hitherto conducted, was less attractive. This led me to explore the possibility of regular contributions to the *Left News* by persons broadly in sympathy with what Professor Laski calls the "official," and what I prefer to call the majority, view of the Labour Party. Here it appeared that something might be arranged.

I explored also two other possibilities, first, the establishment of a better balance in the future publications of the Club, with a better representation of majority views within the Labour Party, and second, the establishment of a better balance in the governing body of the Club itself, to correct its present pronounced pro-Communist tilt. On the first point I was informed that offers had recently been made to several leading figures in the Labour and Co-operative Movements to write books for the Club, though, even if all these offers had been accepted, they would still be only a small fraction of the total book list. On the second point, I gathered that no enlargement of the Triumvirate would be acceptable.

There was also a minor difficulty, though a very real one, in the way of our acceptance of the offer to write in the *Left News*. The first two articles, of 15,000 words each, were wanted by the end of July, which is one of the busiest and least leisured months in the year for active politicians. Apart from other objections, neither I nor any of my three colleagues could have written at this length, to our own satisfaction, within this timetable. The first approach to me had only been made in the third week in June.

I, therefore, proposed that the matter should stand over until after the Bournemouth Conference. If the United Front has then ceased to be a live political issue and if, as I hope, a real unity has been created in the Party in support of Labour's Immediate Programme and Campaign for Power, it may be possible to devise means of effective co-operation by the Left Book Club and the *Left News* in the conduct of that Campaign. Such assistance, moreover, might be even more valuable after Bournemouth, as our campaign takes shape and gathers momentum, than it would have been before. If such co-operation can be arranged, I shall be very happy, but it can only rest upon a sense of common purpose and a sincere agreement regarding aim and method.

HUGH DALTON

[Dr. Dalton is mistaken about our review of Mr. Attlee's book, which was critical, but not in the least contemptuous. On the contrary, we recommended it as a book to be read "with pleasure and profit," and expressed the high respect which this paper has always felt for Mr. Attlee's unusual ability and integrity. We leave it to the parties concerned to join issue about the Left Book Club's offer, content ourselves to point out that according to our information this offer included a promise that *Left News* in future should contain as much material from the "official," i.e., majority, Labour Party as from its Left critics.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—Your correspondent, W. B., is dismayed because the Chairman of the Labour Party National Executive has declined to accept the *Left News* offer which Mr. Laski has explained to us with his customary virtuosity. I take it that the National Executive was unattracted by the suggestion that it should rescue the Left Book groups from that collapse which will surely attend them, as it attended the Socialist League, by making the *Left News* the organ of the views of the Executive—and of that majority of the movement which elected the Executive, and has not yet elected any of the Left Book Club selectors, officially Communist or otherwise. The object of the selectors is clear: the plausible penetration, moral intimidation and ultimate capture of that Executive.

The Left Book Club clique, as it now is, has played in other costumes an influential and arrogant, if not a dominating, part in the councils of the Party since 1930 and the slump (for which it was brisk with dogmatic explanations). Since 1930 the amazing growth of the Socialist movement has slowed, and the measure of the country's obstinate scepticism has been seen in the by-elections. I utterly fail to see, despite "Critic," why guileless reliance should be placed upon—or avoidable encouragement given to—this self-selected Triumvirate of "selectors" who so patently are unable to understand the Anglo-Saxon political tradition. I commend to those sincerely interested in a Popular Front the reading and digestion (not as correct but as corrective) of the significant *Manchester Guardian* editorial on the Labour Party, of Friday, August 20th.

GEORGE CATLIN

Chelsea.

THE RURAL CONSTITUENCY

SIR,—Having fought a rural constituency in Wiltshire in 1935, I was much interested by Mr. E. E. Reynolds' article on this subject. My experience in 1935 convinced me that a division like the one I was fighting could be won for Labour by steady propaganda, between elections, organised from Bristol, but that it would never be won by correspondence from Transport House, coupled with an occasional fleeting visit from one of the two National Organisers for the South-West.

I promised the officers and executive of the division to do all I could after the election to get Bristol to help them with their propaganda. Later, in discussing the idea with keen Labour workers in other divisions, I discovered that they, too, would welcome help from Bristol. So we decided to try and get the Bristol Borough Labour Party and the five divisions in Bristol to invite representatives of divisional parties in the adjacent counties of Gloucestershire, Somerset and Wiltshire to come to a conference in Bristol and discuss ways and means whereby Bristol might help divisions in the vicinity.

Unfortunately, we found ourselves up against the strenuous opposition of Transport House and the National Executive Committee, who actually circularised all divisions in the area urging them to take no part in the conference. However, our conference proved a great success and resulted in the formation, 15 months ago, of the Bristol and District Labour Association of Constituency Parties. We have since held a number of important regional conferences for the discussion of policy and methods of strengthening the influence of divisional parties and improving propaganda.

Of even greater value than our conferences, however, has been the experience we have gained of organising propaganda expeditions from Bristol into the surrounding divisions. On many Saturday afternoons this summer we have taken three or four car-loads of experienced canvassers from Bristol to canvass fro

door to door, distribute leaflets and membership forms, sell copies of "Labour's Immediate Programme" and hold short propaganda meetings in towns and villages, where for one reason or another it was difficult for the local Labour party to do the job. We have had little difficulty in getting sympathisers in Bristol to lend their cars and experienced canvassers to volunteer for these expeditions, and we have invariably received the enthusiastic thanks of the local parties which we have helped.

All our work has been done without assistance or recognition from Head Office. But as a result of our experience I have no hesitation in saying that if the National Executive Committee would support the building up of effective provincial organisation for propaganda purposes in centres like Bristol—instead of actively discouraging it—we could within a few months create an entirely new political atmosphere in the rural and semi-rural constituencies in our area.

If, however, the present obstructionist attitude is maintained the only hope of electoral success open to many divisional Labour parties will be to make the best bargain they can with the local Liberals for the formation of one sort of People's Front.

R. ST. JOHN READE,
Hon. Sec. Bristol and District
Labour Association

HORTICULTURAL WAGES

SIR,—Your correspondent Mr. Lawrence has done a public service in drawing pointed attention to the low wages paid by nursery firms and other horticultural traders. He might have added private gardeners to his list as being often, though not always, an extremely ill-paid class. It is safe to say that many gardeners in private employ are paid less even than the lowest agricultural worker.

This fact has one curious, and very evil, result. The nurseryman gives a secret commission to the ill-paid gardener in order to get orders, and the nursery trade in general competes amongst itself by means of these bribes. Such an evil has this nursery trade bribery become that the Royal Horticultural Society—very properly it must be said—has tried to stamp it out by publishing a Trade "White List" of nurserymen who have stated they only give commission to gardeners with their employers' consent. This method has failed—and bribery in the garden flourishes like a noxious weed.

The real remedy is, of course, adequate wages for the gardener who will then be less exposed to temptation by having grinding poverty removed.

I observe that the Agricultural Workers' Union is fighting hard to get nurserymen of the market-garden variety (especially in the Lea Valley) to pay a decent living wage, but the plant, tree and shrub nurseryman also pays low wages and needs looking after. Certainly there ought to be a different wage-scale for horticulture from that established by law for agriculture for horticultural profits are much higher. Nursery trading to-day is one of our most prosperous minor industries; and it is safe to say that the nursery-employer was never better off. But what of the worker? The Central Wages Board and District Wages Committees established under the Agricultural Wages Act might well probe into the lot of horticultural workers and give them a fair wage scale. Compulsion is, I fear, the only remedy and fortunately the legal powers exist. R. LOWRY

Chelsea.

THE B.B.C. AND THE CROWN

SIR,—I see from your issue of August 14th that "A. W. T." has taken umbrage at a brief statement which we were asked to provide for the Palace of Radio at the Paris Exhibition. He has discovered that, in describing our Governors as appointed by the King, we were inspired by "sycophancy and humbug."

I don't suppose that I can allay "A. W. T.'s" suspicions; but perhaps I can reassure your other readers. Our home service reaches and, as we know from our mail, is listened to, half-way across Europe; beyond that our Empire service takes up the tale. We find ourselves from time to time embarrassed by the supposition of continental listeners and newspapers that the B.B.C., like other broadcasting organisations with which they are more familiar, is a government department, and wears an official muzzle. I have at this moment on my table a cutting from *The Sentinel* of Norwalk, Conn., U.S.A., which says: "If a B.B.C. artist is disappointed with the songs he must play, he goes to the British Post Office. If an actress is temperamental, the Post Office Department bawls her out." More seriously, when a foreign listener picks up some fragment from one of those controversial discussions which we are encouraged to broadcast, he is apt, as our letter bag shows, to be puzzled by the belief that he has heard the voice of the British Government.

The notice which "A. W. T." so much dislikes was simply an attempt to explain in a dozen lines, in a place where foreigners might be expected, the relative degree of independence which Parliament has decided that the B.B.C. shall enjoy, and our relation to Parliament through the Postmaster-General ("A. W. T." does not mention that sentence). It was, as I have personal reason to know, a difficult message to convey in the space available. But at any rate, it really was not conceived either in "sycophancy" or "humbug." STEPHEN TALLENTS

The British Broadcasting Corporation,
Broadcasting House, London, W.1.

HOLIDAY CAMPS FOR THE UNEMPLOYED

SIR,—In the summer of 1935 a group of Oxford undergraduates organised a Holiday Camp for the Unemployed at Clifton Hampden. Six hundred men and their families were provided with a short release from the degenerating boredom of unemployment in East London and South Wales. A similar camp was held last year at Wallingford. So successful were these initial efforts that this year a national committee has been set up to continue the work and enlarge its scope.

We are running two camps in South Wales; one at Kidwelly and the other at Llangenith. They started at the beginning of July and we are hoping to continue them until the second week in September. Each week 150 men, women, and children spend a holiday by the sea on the beautiful Gower Peninsula; a complete holiday for the work connected with the camp has been undertaken by the students of various universities. The letters we have received from the campers amply testify to the benefit and enjoyment which they have derived from their holiday.

We do not pretend that the problem of unemployment can be solved by these methods, but we feel sure that your readers will agree that the provision of holidays for the most harassed section of the population is a worthy cause. There are literally thousands on our waiting list whom we shall not be able to take in any case; and if we are not to disappoint those whom we have already promised we need £300 more. Donations may be sent to the Hon. Frank Pakenham, M.A., Christ Church, Oxford

(Signed) J. F. REES (Vice-Chancellor, University of Wales)
J. LLANDAFF (Bishop of Llandaff)
H. HILES (Lord Mayor of Cardiff)
ALFRED WALL
WILLIAM JENKINS
JOSEPH JONES

National Committee for Provision of Holidays
for Unemployed Workers in Distressed Areas.

WOLSEY

SIR,—As Mr. Rowse in his review of my life on Tyndale taxes me with a specific error of fact, perhaps you will permit me to reply. He says Wolsey was not of "upstart origin," but his father was "a well-to-do bourgeois." I go to Pollard, and he refers me to Brodie. Brodie speaks of Wolsey's "phenomenal rise," says that certain namesakes of his were "of even humbler origin than himself," that his father was "a grazier and butcher . . . fairly well-to-do," who "is never named in Nathaniel Bacon's Annals among the many men who held office in Ipswich. Family influence gave him [Wolsey] no start in life. . . . By his own exertions he rose." Now whether this makes the father a bourgeois, I know not: but if it does, what then? A bourgeois may quite well become an upstart. For an upstart is "one who has newly or suddenly risen in position or importance; a newcomer in respect of rank or consequence" (Oxford English Dictionary): and that Wolsey certainly was. J. F. MOZLEY

34 Tytherton Road, N.19.

THE SAVE THE CHILDREN FUND

SIR,—Mr. Gerald Hamilton's correction of your reviewer's statement that he is "best known to the English public as . . . the originator of the Save the Children Fund" demands amplification in the interests of historical accuracy. It is true that the Fund grew out of the Fight-the-Famine Council as an

expression of the desire of some of the leaders of this body to engage in non-political, humanitarian work for the child victims of the World War, but Mr. Hamilton in his letter has not mentioned its chief inspirer, Eglantyne Jebb. Miss Jebb, with her sister (Mrs. Charles Buxton) founded the Save the Children Fund in April, 1919, and the Save the Children International Union, at Geneva, in January, 1920. Before she died, in 1928, worn out largely as a result of her labours, the movement had extended to some forty different countries, had been the means of saving the lives and preserving the health of millions of children, and had given to the world the Declaration of Geneva (drafted by Miss Jebb herself) which was adopted by the League Assembly in 1924 as the League's "Charter of Child Welfare." Adapted to current needs at home and abroad, the work of the Fund still continues.

EDWARD FULLER,
Publicity Secretary

The Save the Children Fund,
20 Gordon Square, W.C.1.

THE STALLS OF LIFE

SIR,—I think that Professor Hilton's criticism of the share of high official appointments held by members of our great public schools is misplaced. Whatever else those schools do or not they do produce gentlemen. Is it really outrageous that the Overseers of the Church—for that is, of course, the meaning of Bishop—should include a large number of gentlemen? that those who sit in judgment on the people should be gentlemen? "When in doubt appoint a gentleman" has been, so I have always understood, a guide to conduct in judicial appointments. Is it not proper that a large proportion of the senior Civil Servants, who in their effective and unostentatious way, do so much to maintain progressive continuity in the policies of our frequently changing Governments, should be gentlemen and heirs of that tradition?

Moreover, Sir, from another angle, are these professions the only ones by which we can measure the opportunities of democracy? The Field Marshal's baton may not literally be in the knapsack of many privates, but the Managing Director's Signature is on the copy books of many children in the elementary or State-aided Secondary Schools. I should think it quite likely that only a small number of the children at such schools want to become bishops or judges—there are other careers that offer to them glittering prizes, and Professor Hilton has not shown that they do not gain them when they deserve them.

W. JUSTICE

5A Royal Terrace, S.W.7.

JULIAN BELL

SIR,—I saw in "Critic's" column in your paper an obituary notice of Julian Bell, who was recently killed by a Fascist bomb on the Brunete front.

Julian was a member of the British Medical Unit, and was engaged with us in the evacuation of wounded from the front to our stations and hospitals. The conditions of work were the most difficult in our experience. The Government troops had occupied an important sector of Fascist territory, and for almost three weeks, day after day, the enemy were trying to reconquer the lost ground. Bilbao tactics were being used continuously. Villages, towns and fields were sprayed with steel from planes, guns and machine guns. At night whole square kilometres of earth would go up in flames from incendiary bombs.

We in the British Medical Unit have had a very heavy casualty list, and we shall miss sorely some of our best men in our future work. Through shell and machine-gun fire our drivers would take their ambulances time and again, working days and nights for incredible stretches. Only rarely could they avail themselves of the illusory safety of trenches and dug-outs. They have all had their miraculous escapes, but some of them have fallen, and amongst them was Julian.

We all liked him from the first day he joined us. His calm and serenity, his humane intellectualism under the most trying conditions, and the manifest sincerity of his convictions made him one of the most popular men in our group.

Three days before his death the ambulance he was driving was smashed by a bomb. Julian came to me and asked for permission to go out as a stretcher-bearer to the front. He was put in charge of thirty stretcher-bearers and did his work magnificently in one of the most dangerous sectors of the front. A few days later we received a lorry to help us with our evacuation. It was a comparatively quiet day at the front, and Julian took out a party to fill in the dangerous shell-holes on our main evacuation road. He was killed that day, while setting out on one of his trips.

I know that his death was a heavy personal loss to all his friends; we, his comrades, can scarcely spare him in our work.

LEONARD CROME
British Medical Unit,
Spain.

Miscellany

A WAITER ON TIPPING

[This is another article by the waiter whose experiences were described by him in our issues of January 9th and 16th. His book *Coming, Sir*, is being published on Sept. 3rd by Messrs. Harrap.]

Do you ever wonder, as you sit in a restaurant ordering your meal from the pale-faced, black-coated figure at your side, what he thinks of you? The majority of people never allow the thought to cross their minds, for it does not matter what he thinks. He is there to do your bidding, carry out your wishes, and be severely dressed down if you are not satisfied. You think nothing of sending him back with a dish that does not please you, but if you witnessed the uproar resulting from your commonplace action you would be astounded. The curses heaped upon your innocent head by the outraged *chef*, the terrific argument he immediately starts with the conveyor of your unsatisfactory order, beggar description. The *chef* flatly accuses the waiter of conspiracy with you in order to annoy him. Just as indignantly the waiter refutes this charge; then the *chef's* Latin temper flares up, for he considers your complaint to be a direct insult to his culinary powers. He informs the waiter that he is incompetent and does not know how to handle people, and that he could do both his job and his own in half the time for a quarter of the money. The waiter retorts that cooks are waiters with their brains missing. By this time the proprietor arrives; he generally sides with the *chef*, and the waiter retires in disorder. He, however, always has the advantage of the *chef*, for he can say that you are kept waiting because he cannot get service from the kitchen. Baffled, the *chef* takes his revenge by overheating the dishes, and that may explain the contorted face of a waiter and the suddenness with which he puts a dish in front of you. There is always friction between the kitchen and dining-room staff. That is why screens are placed in front of service doors, which, you may notice, are always kept closed!

As an individual you do not interest the average waiter. His job makes him mercenary to an astonishing degree, and, as he depends on your tips for a living, it is not surprising that he regards you solely from a financial angle. You may possess the kindest nature in the world, be all your wife hopes you are, a man of honour, loved and respected by all who know you, but if your tip is small to a waiter you are "no good," and he will not take many pains to satisfy you. And if you insist on your perfectly legitimate rights and complain to the Head Waiter you will surely get service, but in the waiter's mind you will certainly be much worse than just "no good."

Outside, in the kitchen, I have heard guests' characters discussed in a shocking manner. What a change you would see in that deferential, respectful person who so courteously helped you on with your coat, held the door open for you, and bowed so politely as you left! Behind his discreet manner may lurk the strong desire to curse you instead of wishing you good-bye. If your tip has been small he may thank you a shade more politely than would seem necessary, but unless you are very sensitive you will not notice.

Yet many waiters have a deep understanding of people, and, indeed, the job makes them observant. Mercenary they may be, but they will often be contemptuous of a person who indulges in a vulgar display of conspicuous waste. I would rather receive a sensible tip from a person who has not given me too much trouble than an extravagant one from a guest who has insisted on a lot of attention, thereby taking up the time that I should be devoting to others. I remember when I was working in America a waiter summed it all up quite nicely. He had been paying a lot of forced attention to

a man who was evidently out to impress his fair companion. Taking good care that she noted his generosity, he tipped well, even exorbitantly. After he had left the waiter showed me the tip, and I commented on its size. He sneered.

"Poor sucker!" he said. "He'll probably pawn his watch to-morrow for grub money."

I was once asked by what means we judge the tipping propensities of guests. On board ship it does not matter if your baggage is old or battered so long as it bears the authentic stamp and appearance given only by a good maker. Those old steamship and railway labels that plaster its sides, mutely testifying that the owner is an experienced traveller who knows that the only way to get good service is to pay for it, are one almost infallible method. Your clothes are another. The way in which you order your meal, select your wine, and look at your fellow-guests will indicate that you are accustomed to the surroundings and will tip the right proportion.

English people usually tip sensibly, taking into account the class of place they are in, the amount of the bill, and the quality of the service. Americans are erratic, but mainly incline to generosity. Continentals are not over-popular with waiters, whereas Colonials display an astonishing amount of fluctuation.

Women are considered a nuisance, especially when dining alone. They never seem to be able to make up their minds, and will often change an order when it is almost ready for serving—a habit that leads to a glorious upheaval in the kitchen—and, as they are also inclined to be thrifty with tips, I would rather wait on men.

The presence in all hotels of expensive cash registers and checking systems means something more than enabling the proprietors to keep a check on the amount of business done. The fact that hotel staffs are shamefully underpaid and have to rely on tips to make up a decent income does much to undermine the fundamental honesty that is part of a British working person's character. If a job works out at a fairly decent wage I avoid any other means of increasing my income, for the risk is generally out of all proportion to the gain, and bad references are of little help in getting a new situation. But the very nature of the catering trade, with its sharp *visible* contrast between others' luxury and one's own poverty—poverty amidst plenty—cannot but engender a certain sense of envy. When one sees money so freely scattered on the good things of life—delicious food, costly wines, expensive decorations—is it not natural that one should try to find a way of diverting a fraction of it into one's own pocket?

Although tips have always formed the bigger part of my income I would gladly see the system abolished. Many people do not know how to tip; it is a lost art, an old generous custom exploited by *hôteliers* in order to get the public to pay the wages of their staff. In one position I had I served only at banquets, never having a bill to present my customers. Therefore I was forced actually to ask them to tip me, and I found this most humiliating. If a guest did not at first quite understand my discreet hint I would have to repeat it, often interrupting a conversation, standing red-faced and embarrassed, with the eyes of the diners on me, while the gentleman fumbled for change.

The 10-per-cent. system does not cure the evil, leaving too many loopholes for unfair division and often irritating the guest. Why should a customer have to tip, to pay more than the scheduled price for a meal? You do not do so when you make a purchase in a shop, because you know—or hope—that the attendant is receiving a decent living wage. And that is the solution of the tipping problem—a living wage, with a rise in salary as an incentive to attention to duty, a reward for perseverance, instead of a system of charity, kind-hearted though its origin may be, that makes a person servile in order to exist. The catering trade, with its well-known profits, could easily institute such a system, banishing an evil that causes discord among staff and embarrassment to customers. Hotel work, with its unnecessarily bad food, foul living conditions, irregular and long hours of employment, high death and disease rates, is bad enough for earning a living, without adding the uncertainty of depending on tips—and generally there is the further complication of the discord existing between employed and employers.

It is hard to define this all-prevailing discord. There is nothing specific in the attitude of management or staff on which one could actually lay a finger. Yet it is there—a subtle, poisonous air defying description, its very intangibility making it impossible to eradicate it. Its visible signs are a breaking off of conversation at the approach of another person as if in fear of spies, a disposition on the part of some members of the staff to ingratiate themselves with those in authority (we call it "creeping"), and tale-bearing, a vice very common in hotels, despite its childishness. The management, for their part, discourage harmony among the staff, sometimes unintentionally through sheer indifference, sometimes on purpose for some obscure reason they alone know of. They will and often do show small favours to some members of the staff, and disregard the rights of others by not allowing them to go off duty at the proper times and finding unnecessary jobs for one whose "face does not fit." To an impartial observer all this may seem petty and absurd. It is, but continued day after day it has a definite effect on the person concerned. Never to know if one can make arrangements to go anywhere during time off, because your superiors will not or cannot arrange the half-days properly, is very annoying. Hotel employees get only one half-day off a week (including Sundays), which is supposed by Act of Parliament to start at midday; when one finds it is never possible to get away until after lunch, the resulting grievance is serious. Working in a big hotel has one advantage over the smaller places; if a man fails to arrive in a large establishment employing plenty of staff it does not matter seriously, but I have often gone into furious fits of futile rage on being told I must work on my half-day, after making arrangements to go somewhere, because another waiter failed to put in an appearance. I know hotel owners cannot prevent such things from happening occasionally, but a stricter observance regarding time off, and a more sympathetic attitude towards people doing a hard and difficult job, with less of the "Oh, they're only staff; we can get plenty more!" outlook, would go a long way towards a real working co-operation between master and man.

DAVE MARLOW

EURYANTHE, ETC., AT SALZBURG

CARL MARIA FRIEDRICH VON WEBER, who was born near Lübeck in 1786, and died of consumption in London in 1826, was one of the most gifted of German musicians and composers. It was to him and to Meyerbeer that the famous composer and teacher, Vogler, a contemporary of Mozart's, referred in his remark: "There is something in me that has never been expressed, but these two will bring it out."

Weber's opera, *Der Freischutz*, had an unexampled success on its first production in Berlin and the highest expectations were awakened by it for the composer's future. Weber took great pains over his next opera, *Euryanthe*, and it ought to have shown a big advance on *Der Freischutz*. For some reason or other, however, it has never held the stage in Germany and Austria or anywhere else as *Der Freischutz* has, and it is natural that there should be considerable curiosity about it, for an opera cannot be wholly judged from the score, one has to see it represented on the stage before one can make an adequate judgment. The revival this year of *Euryanthe* at Salzburg was therefore an event of quite special interest, and Toscanini and many other musicians were in the audience when the curtain rose.

The performance under Bruno Walter had evidently been carefully prepared and rehearsed, and the cast was excellent with the exception of the tenor, Herr Karl Friedrich, who began badly but improved as the performance went on. In the first scene his *piano* singing was badly out of tune; this is a common fault among German tenors who, when they are

not singing *forte* or *fortissimo*, seem to be utterly at a loss to know what to do with their voices or indeed to have any voice to do anything with. An exception to this generalisation, by the way, is the splendid tenor, Helge Roswaenge, who sang under Toscanini in the Verdi Requiem.

The historic failure of *Euryanthe* on the German stage has in the past been put down to the weakness of the libretto. This, indeed, had been partly my belief until I saw this Salzburg production last week. It is certainly not in itself a good or very interesting drama, but it nevertheless offers distinct possibilities to the composer and I think Weber knew what he was about when he chose it, for a composer of his gifts does not lightly enter upon a work of this scale. The three acts are divided into seven scenes and some of the scenes—such as the fourth in which Euryanthe's false friend, Eglantine, steals the ring from the tomb of his lover's sister and the sixth, where the abandoned Euryanthe is found by the huntsmen in the forest—were peculiarly suited to Weber's genius as exhibited in *Der Freischutz*. Unfortunately, it is pretty clear that after writing *Der Freischutz* Weber had the idea of writing a "grand," a very "grand" opera in the French manner. *Euryanthe* opens with a great spectacular scene at the Court of King Louis VI of France and those who are familiar with *Lohengrin* and *Tannhauser* can very well imagine what this first scene is like, because here is the original of all Wagner's early spectacular efforts. As everybody knows, Wagner followed Weber in the post of Kapellmeister at the Dresden Opera House and his two operas, *Lohengrin* and *Tannhauser*, were composed in Dresden. Personally, I find nothing more boring in the theatre or opera house than the spectacular and such dazzling and noisy scenes as the first acts of *Lohengrin* and *Aida* and the last act of *Die Meistersinger* just make me want to leave the theatre. But for those who like them or are impressed and not stupefied by them, here is the original of them all in *Euryanthe* with the additional relief that the music is more sensitive than Wagner's but less blatant and perhaps less effective than Verdi's.

The next scene, in the castle of Nevers, between Euryanthe and Eglantine, was much better, a fine duet superbly sung by Maria Reining (Euryanthe) and Kerstin Thorborg (Eglantine) revived one's hopes. This was followed by a fresh spectacular scene—the arrival of Lysiart, the cynical rival of Euryanthe's lover, Adolar. However, this scene was quieter and more melodious than the first and was more than tolerable. I may incidentally mention, however, that no composer since Gluck seems to have quite equalled him in the art of writing operatic choruses which are dramatically germane and of musical importance and Weber's choruses in *Euryanthe* are not particularly imaginative. Weber and his librettist unfortunately do not give us the actual scene where Eglantine goes into the tomb and steals the ring, which is a great pity for such a scene is exactly what might have inspired Weber to some macabre and original music. However, there is again a very good duet, this time between Eglantine and Lysiart. After this the opera proceeds somewhat conventionally and the forest scene offers an opportunity for some nice writing for the horns—not, however, comparable at all to Wagner's use of them in Siegfried—and there is a brief and lively final scene of reconciliation between the lovers.

The production by Lothar Wallerstein, Margarethe Wallmann and Willi Fränzl was effective, but over-fussy as nearly all the Vienna opera productions of Wallerstein and Wallmann are. Modern producers cannot bear to be simple and straightforward; nor can they let anybody stand for more than a few seconds in the same place. In the spectacular scenes of *Euryanthe* there was an incredible amount of flag-waving and cohort-manoeuvring by the chorus which was merely an irritation to those who had come to listen to the music. Altogether, in spite of the fact that the music never falls below a certain high level of craftsmanship and even of invention, this opera is curiously uninspired and unmoving.

Very different indeed was the impression made by the second concert of Church music given at the St. Peter's Church under Dr. Bernhard Paumgartner on Saturday, the 21st inst. This and the performance of Mozart's C Minor Mass have been for me the great joys of this year's festival. The programme at this second concert consisted of five little-known choral works by Mozart, together with the slightly better-known Motet *Exsultate* (K. 165) and the well-known *Ave Verum* (K. 618). One of these, a lovely melodious *Offertorium in festo St. Benedicti* (K. 34), was composed in 1766 when Mozart was ten years old, another, *Veni Sancte Spiritus* (K. 47), was composed in 1768 when he was twelve, and an *Offertorium pro festo St. Joannis Baptistae* (K. 72) was composed in 1771 when he was fifteen. All three are works of astonishing beauty and power, worthy of a great master at any age. The *Exsultate* Motet, composed in Milan at the age of seventeen, is a work of extraordinary invention in the Italian style with a middle section, "Tu virginum corona," of extraordinary beauty which was extremely well sung by a tenor from Zurich, Herr Max Meili. But remarkable and superb as all these compositions are, they must take second place to the wonderful *Litaniae de Venerabili Altaris Sacramento* (K. 243), composed by Mozart in his twentieth year. This is a masterpiece beside which even so great a work as Verdi's Requiem must take a lower place. It is on a considerable scale consisting of eight sections and contains the most astonishing transitions. Modern musicians have mostly overlooked Mozart's ecclesiastical music, but it is of the highest importance. When I say that this Litany is a musical masterpiece at least the equal of the opera *Figaro*, I do not exaggerate at all. It deserves the attention of the best of our choirs.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Old Music" at the St. James's

Mr. Keith Winter's new play contains emotional and even violent scenes, but it remains oddly undramatic—a series of *tableaux vivants*. The action takes place fashionably enough on the eve of the Crimean War, and the dialogue ranges rather erratically from the stilted phraseology of a Victorian novel to the most *chic* style of modern joke. (Mr. Winter can write more like Noel Coward than anyone except Mr. Coward himself). The plot is insignificant and unexciting. But gradually we perceive that this not very effective play is distinguished by one remarkable virtue: the characters of the two girls are drawn with quite unusual dexterity. Mr. Winter knows them as well as if he had written a novel about them; and this is rare in a dramatist. He can make even the minor figures reveal themselves in a few phrases. The play is well acted. Miss Celia Johnson's natural charm and distinction are such that one may almost forget to notice the extreme intelligence with which she acts. She could so easily have brought us all to her feet (and made nonsense of the play) by repeating her Elizabeth Bennet. But she shows the nicest judgment in giving just the touch of coldness and precision which her part requires. Miss Greer Garson, Mr. Hugh Williams and Mr. Gyles Isham all give excellent performances, and Mr. Robin Maule is enchanting as a little boy so bright that already in 1853 he apparently has anticipated the discoveries of Pasteur. The Rex Whistler scenery and the Benda costumes are the prettiest things you ever saw. The picnic scene in particular is a painting by Manet or Bazille come delightfully to life, and for days afterwards the imposing tea-basket, the little boy in brown, the cockaded footmen and the two beauties reclining on the sward lingered happily in our memory. This is a play which one listens to with polite attention, but watches with untiring and greedy enjoyment.

THE COMING WEEK

MONDAY, August 30th—
- British Drama League Summer School, Buxton.
- Twenty-fourth Annual Conference of Modern Churchmen, Cambridge.
- "Orestes," Barn Theatre, Shere.
- "Rembrandt," Everyman Cinema.

WEDNESDAY, September 1st—
- British Association Meeting, Nottingham.
- "Crest of the Wave," Drury Lane.
- "London Rhapsody," Palladium.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

ENGLISH education was until recently based upon the literature of three Mediterranean countries—Palestine, Greece and Italy. Suffering ourselves from a climate conspicuous for a nimiety of rain, we learnt from the Scriptures and the classics to speak, though not to think, of wells and water-springs as the symbols of rarity, reward and happiness. Such images were made familiar to us from so early an age that we never noticed how exotic they were. But I well remember the delightful shock of recognition which I felt waking up in the train as it ran through Provence in the early morning on my first visit to the Mediterranean basin. Olives, rivers, a solitary palm, women at wells, boys with goats—the inhabited landscape suddenly made real to me a world which I had learnt of with my ears but never realised with my eyes, the world of the Psalms and the Gospels, of Virgil and Aristophanes. When an American comes to Europe for the first time, the shock of recognition must be even more overwhelming. Imagine a boy brimming with adolescent passion for the romantic poets seeing for the first time Oxford or Durham, Avignon or Bourges. The careful Gothic of Yale or of the Episcopalian Cathedral in New York would no more have prepared him for this extraordinary spectacle than the British Museum prepares us for the incomparable splendour of the Parthenon. I was once taken to a party in an Elizabethan house in New York, complete with banqueting hall and a staircase copied from one at Knole, but twice as large. It is not necessary, of course, to cross the Atlantic to see such absurdities: in Sussex and Surrey they abound. But we can avert our eyes, whereas the American student of English literature has only such buildings—or the equally sad replicas used in films—to use as the background for his study of the Age of Shakespeare. His disadvantage is enormous, for literature is the result of a state of mind which expresses itself contemporaneously in the other arts, particularly painting and architecture. The bosoms of Lely's Court Beauties heaving above their oyster-coloured silks have just the melting pearliness celebrated by the Restoration poets. Milton's Paradise is a painting by Savery, and he imported his angels from the Popish ceilings which he saw upon his travels. Hogarth illuminates Smollett, Greuze reflects Richardson. If in the past our approach to painting has often been too literary, our approach to literature has seldom been sufficiently pictorial. The English reader, therefore, as well as the American student for whom the book was chiefly designed, may examine with profit Mr. B. Sprague Allen's *Tides in English Taste* (Oxford University Press, 34s.), which "grew out of the writer's realisation of the extent to which the history of art constitutes a vivid, enlightening commentary on the history of literature."

* * *

This book begins with Inigo Jones and ends with the brothers Adam. Alike in literature and in the visual arts, we eagerly adopted the ornaments of the Renaissance long before we understood the classical spirit. In the houses built in Shakespeare's time columns and caryatids are used with regard for function or proportion. Inigo Jones was the first designer in this country to achieve classic lucidity, and may justly be compared with Dryden, who did a similar office for English prose. The reign of Anne saw the general spread of law, alike in architecture, in prosody, in manners and in prose. Addison indeed now seems, for all his literary skill, a prig, "the first Victorian." But some such urbane censor was called for by the savagery of the age, a savagery which outlived Addison, as we can tell from Smollett's novels and Horace Walpole's letters. The orderliness of *The Spectator's* prose and the symmetry of the heroic couplet were perfectly reflected in the Queen Anne house. Vanbrugh, it is true, was laying on the earth heavy loads of baroque magnificence which in their picturesqueness corresponded to the poetry of Milton rather than to the verse of Pope or the prose of Swift or Addison. But the red brick box, with skilfully spaced windows, a pediment, and discreet urns, the Georgian house as we see it in every little English town and in almost every English valley, reflects very exactly the literature of the period. (Even the chilly, ill-ventilated, and tenebrous basements emphasise the similarity, for at any rate in the early part of the century writers wasted little sympathy on uneducated persons, unless these were lovers simultaneously struck by lightning.) Georgian architecture, moreover, lasted longer than Georgian literature. For men were still wisely building mild variations upon this decent, commodious and elegant type of house in the reign of William IV, when the Romantic Movement had triumphed in literature, and the style of Pope had been relegated to competitors for the Newdigate.

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Taste, however, as the greater part of Mr. Sprague Allen's book is devoted to showing, indulged during the eighteenth century in a number of vagaries. The house itself usually remained Palladian, but its furniture and its garden ornaments raised continual revolts against the tyranny of Greece and Rome. There was the cult of Nature, which showed itself in English garden design, when Jean-Jacques was still an infant. The reaction against the formal garden is described by Pope, himself one of the first enthusiasts for the *jardin anglais*, in his Epistle to Lord Burlington:

> Tir'd of the scene Parterres and Fountains yield,
> He finds at last he better likes a field.

Nature, however, was fashionable only as reflected in the works of the great painters. And in the gardens devised by Kent and Brown Nature was as evidently arranged as she was by Pope in *Windsor Forest*. Verisimilitude in landscape gardening was delayed till the age of Repton and Wordsworth. Closely connected with the cult of Nature was the fashion for Gothic. I doubt if since the first invention of the Gothic style in the Middle Ages twenty years have passed without a Gothic building being erected in England: Wren's churches and Hawksmoor's All Souls made Strawberry Hill much less of an innovation than it used to be thought. (In his very well-documented discussion of the Picturesque and the Gothic Mr. Allen had the advantage of following—and the pleasure occasionally of seeming to correct—Mr. Christopher Hussey and Mr. Kenneth Clark. But Mr. Steegman's admirable *Rule of Taste* is too recent to have been of use to him.) A hermitage with Gothic furniture became essential to every fashionable garden, and the more thorough and more opulent *cognoscente* engaged an anchorite to inhabit it. Further piquant ingredients were provided by the Orient. Already in the seventeenth century Chinese porcelain and lacquer were highly prized in England. Indeed, Queen Mary's taste for china incurred the severe disapproval of Lord Macaulay:

> Mary had acquired at the Hague a taste for the porcelain of China, and amused herself by forming at Hampton a vast collection of hideous images, and of vases, in which houses, trees, bridges and mandarins were depicted in outrageous defiance of all the laws of perspective.

In the eighteenth century every garden had to be furnished with a Chinese pagoda, summer-house, kiosk or bridge. And Mr. Allen's account of this fashion is supplemented by the researches of Miss Eleanor von Erdberg in a book entitled *Chinese Influence on European Garden Structures* (Oxford University Press, 21s.). Unluckily most of these *fabriques* were as flimsy as they were fanciful and have long since disappeared, but at Kew and at Potsdam, at Pillnitz and at Chanteloup the architecture of *chinoiserie* can still be studied. (Unluckily the Kew pagoda lacks the bright paint which its character demands.) Sometimes the Chinese and Gothic styles were married with very felicitous results, nor were the designers of the period averse from a further admixture of Indian, Moorish, Egyptian or even "Druidic" details. In the taste for these exotic ornaments you may see an omen

of the coming Romantic Movement with its "Qui nous délivrera des Grecs et des Romains?" But the point of the pagoda, the hermitage, the ruin, and the cave of Merlin was to be "amusing." And this is what Mr. Allen and Miss von Erdberg, with all their industry, rather fail to comprehend. Both books would be more valuable if they were more light-hearted. It has become common form to condemn all enjoyment of fantasy as "escapism"; and poor feather-pated Marie Antoinette, because she took refuge in a dairy from the oppressive ritual of palace life, is thought to have deserved the guillotine. But for my part I find it neither easy nor agreeable to imagine a society in which fantasy has successfully been abolished. Great art, of course, is not "escapist," but which of us can spend his leisure entirely upon the heights, reading Dante, admiring Raphael, and listening to Bach?

* * *

In his account of the ebb and flow of conflicting tastes for symmetry and asymmetry, order and disorder, the classical and the Gothic or Chinese, Mr. Sprague Allen describes the very curious *Theory of the Earth*, written by Thomas Burnet, who was Master of the Charterhouse from 1685 till his death in 1715. He could not believe that Almighty God had such bad taste as to create the world in the unsymmetrical shapes with which we are familiar. "If the sea had been drawn round the earth in regular figures and borders, it might have been a great beauty to our globe." Moreover, the stars "lie carelessly scattered, as if they had been sown in Heaven like seed by handfuls, and not by a skilful hand neither." "It would have cost no more to have made things in better order, nay it had been more easy and more simple." So he concludes that the earth was indeed originally created upon an orderly plan, and that its present irregularities are the result of the Deluge and the sinfulness of Man. This will strike all of us as a most comical notion. Yet after a long undulation away from this passion for regularity, we are now being carried rapidly back to it. And we seem to be threatened with a Utopia in which there will be no nonsense, but a leisure devoted to pursuits that develop the team-spirit. I fancy that a revolution in England, whatever its ideological origin, would impose upon us a system hardly distinguishable in spirit from that prevailing in the less progressive Public Schools. But if this occurred, my dying moments might be slightly consoled by the thought that in due time men would once more undulate back to a taste for the irregular and the amusing.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

NEW NOVELS

A Matador Dies. By JOSEPH PEYRÉ. *Geoffrey Bles.* 7s. 6d.
No Pockets in a Shroud. By HORACE MCCOY. *Arthur Barker.* 7s. 6d.
They Came Like Swallows. By WILLIAM MAXWELL. *Michael Joseph.* 7s. 6d.
The Moon is Making. By STORM JAMESON. *Cassell.* 8s. 6d.
Down the Proud Stream. By CARL FALLAS. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.
Cleopatra's Nose. By T. B. MARLE. *Arthur Barker.* 7s. 6d.

The Spaniards have always disliked the patronage of cultivated France; and the capacity of French egoism for getting the Spaniard subtly or romantically wrong is indeed maddening. The distinctive masculinity of the Spaniards, for example, is quite beyond the woman-dominated French novelists, and their Spaniards become, over and over again, melancholy, sensuous and emasculated fatalists. It is typical that the bullfighter of *A Matador Dies*—a *Prix Goncourt* novel—should be helpless in the grip of a *femme fatale* who ruins his constitution, gives him drugs, exhausts his money and bathes him in that dazed and sensuous remorse which found its supremely embarrassing and tedious expression in *La Dame aux Camélias*. Even though they migrate to Biarritz the Spaniards are tougher than that.

Still, after this reservation, M. Peyré's bullfighter, who goes haggardly into the ring, is observantly drawn. Considered as a very sensitive and realistic narrative of travel in the bullfighting world, the book makes up in background what it may lose in its central character and the greedy or sentimentalised women who surround him. The picture of Madrid on the eve of the civil war is excellent. The cold wind blows down the Gran Vía, in the Regina and the Maison Doré men sit perpetually coughing over their coffee, scribbling on the marble-topped tables and passing on the day's slanders and the night's germs. The lottery drabs trudge the wet streets, the journalists conduct their blackmail, the bull-fighting heroes of the moment grossly carouse and go on at five in the morning from one woman to the next; while the Sanatorium, that monument to the Madrid climate, watches from its distance in the Guadarrama. There is something preposterous in this bleak and isolated city; human lives are indeed, to the European, like uncouth echoes heard in an empty cave. M. Peyré has caught all the feeling of emptiness. And when he comes to the bullfighters he gets that smell of damp cement in the passages of the ring, the over-heated, lifeless atmosphere of the Velasquez flats where these Iberians live like homeless aliens among the imported *confort moderne*. They are people who will cheat, intrigue or look after Number One first, but who can always be dominated by a gesture—M. Peyré has got that too. Indeed, he has got all the court which hangs about the flat, the car and the cafés of the bullfighter, perfectly. I was not as overwhelmed by the fatal bullfight at the end as the publisher's blurb expected me to be; this fight was too much like one of the Frenchified Benavente's melodramatic climaxes and how one had been prepared for it! But elsewhere, and even in the portrait of the bullfighter and his mistress, M. Peyré protects himself from criticism by his clever assumption of the part of the traveller putting down the facts about these people. It is the Somerset Maugham trick which is made for novelists who are sufficiently experienced to know that they may falsify emotion if they submerge themselves in their characters and had better keep fairly clear. One puts the book down, rather restive but distinctly impressed.

The American reporters are simpler fellows. Their success is due to the fantastic extent of their simplifications: everything is as tough as it can be in the toughest of possible worlds. But being tough, when you examine it, boils down to the touching belief in rugged individualism; and at the word rugged a concealed gulp comes into the throat. I did not read *They Shoot Horses, Don't They*, but its successor has the pure Barrie quality of all the tough stuff. It was an odd experience to read *They Came Like Swallows* immediately after Mr. McCoy and to feel that there was no essential difference between the two books; his, a study in an Irish reporter's adventures in exposing the town rackets, and the other a year of childhood with Pop left lonely looking at the coffin in the end. Still, give me Mr. McCoy's big Irishman every time. He is out to expose and reform by his scandal sheet and nothing seems to be easier. His success is almost accidental. He rolls on from a baseball scandal to an abortion racket and then to a truly horrible exposure of semi-Fascist terrorism, without serious difficulty; just as he sleeps with another man's bride one night, gets married himself the next to someone else, annuls the marriage the day after and can't go home to sleep because his secretary is always in bed first—he loves her too much to take any notice of her, the big-hearted boob! Though all the characters describe each other at some time or other as sons of bitches, one has the deadly feeling that deep down in their hearts they love their mothers. The tough pretence of fatalism is skin deep. You know *that* when you choke back the tears on the last page. *No Pockets in a Shroud* is not a prize-winner because Mr. McCoy, having political propaganda to write—"the press is too yellow to tell the truth"—fell into the trap of making things too easy for his Irishman. The cops bring along the evidence almost with tears in their eyes. But there is no doubt about the speed and skill of talk and narrative, nor of the important indignation which the book makes one feel. The sentimentality of the American tough school undoubtedly increases its effectiveness as propaganda.

The weakness of *They Came Like Swallows* is technical. The narrative disintegrates because you begin with little Bunny at his mother's knee, go on with little Robert who is "father's boy" and then muddle along with father. There is no unity. Otherwise the book is a sensitive, wistful reminiscence of family life, very intimate and pathetic and with some acute observation which, between one dab of the handkerchief and the next, is actually very delightful. Christopher Morley, that expert in tenderness, has praised the book, and, making rather a large allowance for the author's determination to take you off your guard, there are perceptive things in it.

Miss Storm Jameson should have followed Mr. McCoy, because she is preoccupied with the problem of justice in the provincial town. The book is a collection of portraits of difficult Yorkshire people with their grim humour, their blunt malevolence and greed and—to use her excellent phrase—their "narrow love." Give them a brick wall and they will run their heads hard against it. Somewhere in the book one of the characters attacks the gush of confused feeling in the English novel; but *The Moon is Making* is extraordinarily poor in feeling. It flows thinly in these pawky egotists and finds a way out in eccentric or perverse acts. Even those who feel simply do so, like Kezia who is seduced by the vicar (later to become obsessed by justice), in a rarefied cool and childlike way. Since all the people have the same emotional stamp the effect is monotonous. It looks as though Miss Jameson has more brain and observation than imagination as a novelist, a power to anatomise, probe and puzzle, but not a power to move or make a world. One feels that somewhere in Yorkshire this place and these people exist or have existed and that one could go up there and see what she has left out and what she has altered. This is a bad feeling to have about a novel. Moreover, the vicar who begins with guilt and ends as a rebel against the propertied interests, is not big enough to carry the justice theme. The multitude of town and family characters make his appearance and his effect episodic; and justice looks like an idea tacked on here and there. On the other hand the book is intelligent and acute; the truculent Yorkshire character is relentlessly understood. There are moments, as when Ezekiel brings home the free and easy lady from the pub and is turned down, which are resounding comedy; her young people who go to London are real, and each one of the pictures of old age and death is an admirably differentiated examination. If her net of reminiscence suffers from being spread wide it has made a curious catch.

Down the Proud Stream and *Cleopatra's Nose* are entertainments. The first is about inconsequent youth, forward maids and "pretty country folk"—a more wayward T. F. Powys which stops short at the kissing but titillates with doubt. The kisses in this book must run into thousands. Mr. Fallas stands or falls by his airy, contrary, day-dream atmosphere, his power to convey the pleasure without the sting of adolescent flirtation. It is the kind of ginger pop to put beside the row of Beverley Nichols in the week-end cottage. *Cleopatra's Nose* goes beyond the kissing once its hero has had a very important motor accident. The scene is Hungary, the foreground the humours of international banking in its off moments, and the problem, Can a man do anything about his face? There is some clever and amusing stuff in the book, though the epigrams are heavy going and the solution of the face problem leads merely to conventional misbehaviour. V. S. PRITCHETT

A BARRIE PANEGYRIC

James Matthew Barrie. An Appreciation. By PROFESSOR JAMES A. ROY. *Jarrolds.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Words are not measured very precisely to their duty in the publisher's recommendation of this book as "the first attempt at a genuine critical appreciation of Barrie's work." It strikes me, rather, as an attempt, whether the first or not I cannot say, owing to my ignorance of what has been done by other Barrie commentators, to prove that Barrie's achievements have secured him a high place in literature from which he is unlikely to be ousted in generations to come. The method of proof employed by Professor Roy is to describe the achievements in detail, comment on their merits, and substantiate the commentary—an extremely flattering one—with long quotations from novels, plays, articles and speeches. On a reader, who, like myself, is not at all sure that Barrie is for "all time," and he was not at all sure either ("Long given up the dream of being for ever known"), the quotations may have the effect of settling it. They at least make clear that Barrie's work will not pass what Wyndham Lewis calls "The taxi-cab driver test," and work that does not is highly suspect as art with an enduring quality, although it may be very good as something else, say, an entertainment or a sermon, or a plectrum for the heart-strings, or a tonic for the tear-ducts. What is this test? It can be applied by opening a book at the first page, and seeing what you find. Can a single page be as terribly decisive as Wyndham Lewis says it is? Authors are surely not like leopards, who cannot change their spots. Anyhow, it seems unfair to presume they cannot before seeing what we can find on other pages. What have I found on page after page of Professor Roy's collection of extracts from Barrie's writings? Only one word for it. Mush. Whatever the mood, reverent, tender, satirical, fantastical, mystical, droll, patriotic—Barrie was rich in moods—it is communicated to the reader in the form of soft pulp. I offer this sample, so that there shall be no mistake about what I mean by "soft pulp":

> The name of Lamb will for many a year bring proud tears to English eyes. He was a man, weak like the rest of us, who kept his sorrows to himself. Life to him was not among the trees. He had loved and lost. Grief laid a heavy hand on his brave brow.

Appreciation of Barrie would seem to depend on how much pulp one can swallow without being sick. But Professor Roy thinks it depends on the capacity to understand him. Any adverse criticism quoted is introduced with the remark: "Those who do not understand Barrie say . . ." The Professor himself loves Barrie, his work, and his philosophy of life, too much, not this, but the other, side of idolatry, to be hard even on such flaws as he perceives and admits. The most censorious sentence in his book is that "the story"—*The Little Minister*—"is at times over-sentimentalised." Given this inch, I take an ell. In my opinion Barrie, not "at times," but continuously, over-sentimentalised everything from the Kingdom of Heaven to the game of Red Indians. I notice a growing intolerance of this excess, particularly in young people, who stigmatise it as "shaming," which gives ground for the belief that Barrie's reputation is insecure. Yet as the modern aversion from sentimentality has not seriously affected other great reputations—those of Dickens and Thackeray in literature, and of Mendelssohn and Tchaikowsky in music for instance—there is also ground for the contrary belief, the one held by Professor Roy. While he does not make out a very good case for this in the dubious evidence offered of Barrie's "spiritual richness," it seems quite reasonable when he is praising Barrie's skill as a dramatist. There is something solid and enduring in good craftsmanship. Long after what is shown, what is told, loses its appeal, how it is shown, how it is told becomes the test of survival. Barrie's "how" is usually admirable in his plays. Sympathy with the well-known author who murmured during a performance of *Peter Pan*: "Oh for an hour of Herod!" does not prevent me from recognising this. The theatre has often proved a Goodwin Sands to novelists, but not to Barrie, who

as times change
SHELL changes too
YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

very quickly apprehended what could and could not be done in it. There is a passage in the Introduction to *Alice Sit-By-The-Fire* in which the fundamental principles of the dramatist's craft are put in a nutshell:

> In a play we must tell little that is not revealed by the spoken words: you must ferret out all you want to know from them, although, of course, now and then we may whisper a conjecture in brackets: there is no weather in plays except in melodrama: the novelist can have sixteen chapters about the hero's grandparents, but there can be very little rummaging in the past for us: we are expected merely to present our characters as they toe the mark: then the handkerchief falls, and off they go.

Barrie was certainly a master of dialogue rich in implications. Such was his distrust of these implications being grasped by actors, without his guidance, that when his plays were published he expounded the text in stage-directions almost as long as Bernard Shaw's. If a man ought to be judged by his best work, an obligation which has been urged with good results for Tennyson, Barrie ought to be judged by the best of his plays. Which are the best? I write *What Every Woman Knows*, with confidence, and then hesitate.

CHRISTOPHER ST. JOHN

EXPERIENTIA DOCET

The Men I Killed. By BRIG.-GENERAL F. P. CROZIER, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. *Michael Joseph.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

General Crozier is a professional soldier and by his own showing spent the years between 1899 and 1921 in almost ceaseless slaughter of his fellow-creatures; hence as a pacifist he makes an impressive figure, like the reformed burglar at a Salvation Army meeting. Everyone will remember his earlier books, with their clipped telegram-like style and their tales of colonial wars in which eager young officers smack their chops over the prospect of "real slaughter." In parts these books were disgusting, but they were completely straightforward and were of great value as illustrating the spirit in which the dirty little wars of that period were waged. Evidently when you are twenty years old it is a great fun to turn a machine-gun on a crowd of unarmed "natives." But European war is a different matter, and after much experience of both kinds General Crozier has decided that the only remedy is complete refusal to fight in any circumstances. The only question is, can he advance any argument which will drive the general public an inch farther in the direction of active resistance to war?

Here, on the whole, the book fails. It is a rambling, incoherent book, circling vaguely round two anti-war arguments, one of them good so far as it goes, the other doubtful. The first is the fact that the actual process of war consists in doing things which are instinctively felt to be disgusting, such as shooting your own men to prevent them running away. It is right to insist upon this kind of thing, for war still remains "glorious" in the secret imaginations of most people who have not fought. The other is the fact that all known methods of defence against the aeroplane are more or less useless and that the German bombers could probably reduce England to chaos and starvation in a few weeks. It is doubtful whether this has much value as an argument against war; though true, it amounts to scaremongering and, coupled with the consciousness of German rearmament, it simply induces in most people a desire to see England "stronger" (i.e., possessed of more bombing 'planes) than ever. The two facts which even now are not very widely grasped, and which should be made the centre of all anti-war agitation, are quite different from these. General Crozier is aware of them, but only intermittently aware. They are:

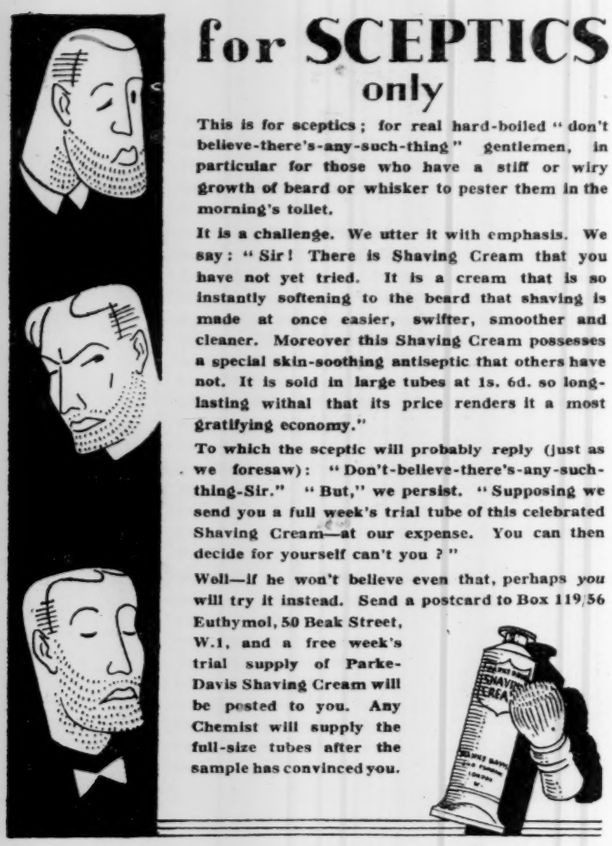
1. That war against a foreign country only happens when the moneyed classes think they are going to profit from it.

2. That every war when it comes, or before it comes, is represented not as a war but as an act of self-defence against a homicidal maniac ("militarist" Germany in 1914, "Fascist" Germany next year or the year after).

The essential job is to get people to recognise war-propaganda when they see it, especially when it is disguised as peace-propaganda.

The test for any pacifist is, does he differentiate between foreign war and civil war? If he does not, he is simply saying in effect that violence may be used by the rich against the poor but not by the poor against the rich. This test General Crozier passes, and if not a completely logical pacifist he is at least a very engaging one. As a living contradiction of the widespread notion that every pacifist is a Creeping Jesus, he should be of great value to his cause.

GEORGE ORWELL


for SCEPTICS
only
This is for sceptics; for real hard-boiled "don't believe-there's-any-such-thing" gentlemen, in particular for those who have a stiff or wiry growth of beard or whisker to pester them in the morning's toilet.
It is a challenge. We utter it with emphasis. We say: "Sir! There is Shaving Cream that you have not yet tried. It is a cream that is so instantly softening to the beard that shaving is made at once easier, swifter, smoother and cleaner. Moreover this Shaving Cream possesses a special skin-soothing antiseptic that others have not. It is sold in large tubes at 1s. 6d. so long-lasting withal that its price renders it a most gratifying economy."
To which the sceptic will probably reply (just as we foresaw): "Don't-believe-there's-any-such-thing-Sir." "But," we persist. "Supposing we send you a full week's trial tube of this celebrated Shaving Cream—at our expense. You can then decide for yourself can't you?"
Well—if he won't believe even that, perhaps *you* will try it instead. Send a postcard to Box 119/56 Euthymol, 50 Beak Street, W.1, and a free week's trial supply of Parke-Davis Shaving Cream will be posted to you. Any Chemist will supply the full-size tubes after the sample has convinced you.

MURDERS

The Case of the Unconquered Sisters. By TODD DOWNING. *Methuen.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Case of the Dangerous Dowager. By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER. *Cassell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Out of Order. By PHOEBE ATWOOD TAYLOR. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Barotique Mystery. By GEORGE HARMON COXE. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Stormy Night. By CHRISTOPHER HALE. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Murder of a Man Afraid of Women. By ANTHONY ABBOT. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Murder in the Game Reserve. By P. WALKER TAYLOR. *Thornton Butterworth.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

These Names Make Clues. By E. C. R. LORAC. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A Bullet in the Ballet. By CARYL BRAHMS and S. J. SIMON. *Michael Joseph.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

There are roughly twenty times as many murders in the United States as in Great Britain. This means that if you are an American citizen you are five times more likely to be murdered than if you are an Englishman. It also means, presumably, that there are six people ready to murder you in the States for every one in England. These are facts, vouched for by Edmund Pearson, an American criminologist who has just died. When you get to fiction, what do you find? That everyone is prepared to murder everyone else, as far as I can see—no matter where you live. And that is one reason why none of these nine detective stories can compete in the matter of psychological interest with *Murder at Smutty Nose*, published by the late Edmund Pearson over ten years ago, in which he recounted actual unsolved crimes with all the vividness which detective stories aim at but so rarely attain.

The trouble with most of the books on this list is multiplicity of suspects carried to fantastic lengths. Authors appear to think

that if two potential criminals make a good plot, twenty will make one ten times as good. The law of diminishing returns invalidates their logic, but not until the application of the same law is visible to them in their publishers' returns can we hope that they will see reason. For detective authors are like country dressmakers, they prefer to cut out on a pattern rather than invent a fashion for themselves. The colour of detective frocks this month is drab: the motive and opportunity must be thinly but impartially distributed over the entire dress: the blobs of suspicion round the hem are *appliqué*, large, and regularly spaced. The *décolletage* should reveal nothing and suggest nothing; the skirts are uninteresting and trail to the ground, while the shape of the criminal who wears the outfit should remain an absolute mystery. The advantage of this sack-like envelope from the dressmaker's point of view is obvious; it will fit any client, and no one can tell on which leg the occupant is standing, or even whether there is a leg to stand on. But, if authors take things easy, readers may not bother to renew their library subscriptions.

Mr. Todd Downing specialises in the Mexican atmosphere, which makes the inhabitants cruel and unscrupulous and the American visitors very liable to murder or be murdered. *The Case of the Unconquered Sisters* is a title striving after effect, the unconquered ladies being just a couple of elderly Americans whose father decided to live in Mexico after the Civil War in U.S.A. An unfortunate archaeologist staying in their house disappears, and his skeleton is identified by his false teeth when it tries to cross the Rio Grande disguised in plaster of paris as a museum piece. There is a bullet hole through the skull, and that sends Rennert, Mr. Downing's rather over-sympathetic detective, down to Mexico City with the bullet from the interior of the skull in his pocket. There the story checks in its stride while we take an interest in a pretty girl. Unfortunately, Mr. Downing never gets going again and his plot starts pawing the ground. I wish he would keep to trains, as in *Vultures in the Sky*, and away from invincible old ladies.

Mr. Gardner's work is so well known and satisfactory within its limits that I need only say that *The Case of the Dangerous Dowager* is an orthodox Perry Mason story, a mixture of gambling, shooting, tailing and hiding from the police, served at the right temperature, which leaves a clean taste in the mouth and no hang-over.

Miss Atwood Taylor's work is also well known and somewhat standardised, but in *Out of Order* that old reprobate, Asey Mayo, is actually found doing a job of work far from Cape Cod. I wonder whether it is only the surcease of Cape Coddities that made me appreciate Asey Mayo more highly away from his usual terrain. In *Out of Order* Mayo flies from Jamaica to a remote mountainous region of New England in mid-winter to win a bet for an old friend. He runs into snow, murder, and a myriad high-class suspects who revel in his company. For once Miss Taylor's sympathies allow her to disguise her criminal and as she suppresses evidence you have to take pot-luck with the suspects.

The Barotique Mystery is staged on a "colourful" island in the Carribean. Mr. Coxe's first work was tough, and once he gets tough an author tends to stay tough. So you will not be surprised to find much of the colour on Barotique is due to amber-coloured fluids and lipstick. An English planter is murdered, and Kent Murdock, our press photographer friend in *Murder with Pictures*, is able to do the detecting through the usual haze of tobacco smoke and alcohol.

Stormy Night and *Murder of a Man Afraid of Women* are two more American products, but of the tamer Anglicised variety, both characterised by insufficiency of evidence and a surfeit of suspicion. We would forgive much for a little excitement, but it is *not* exciting just to put a half-crazy woman in an empty swimming pool on a winter's night with a couple of bullets in her but only one bullet hole. That is merely a rather silly conundrum; it occurs in *Stormy Night* and is not even plausibly explained. For *Murder of a Man Afraid of Women* the international dope gang are responsible—and what a responsibility! Mr. Abbot writes with great competence, but why, *why* must there be gangs?

Murder in the Game Reserve ought to be better than it is. Mr. Walker Taylor is familiar with South Africa and has conceived a picturesque crime in the Kruger National Park. Lord Warnford (one of those unpleasant millionaires), while on a night-march to get a sight of sixty trumpeting elephants, becomes separated from his party and is found dead and mauled by a wild beast. Of course, he was murdered by one of the party, but which? Opportunity was equal in the darkness; motive was universal, for Mr. Walker Taylor is in the forefront of the fashion for broadcasting suspicion (even the detective didn't like Lord Warnford much). The suspects are then rather tediously juggled with until one confesses. Mr. Walker Taylor's powers for describing action and landscape are infinitely superior to his talent for conversation or emotion. Three-quarters of *Murder in the Game Reserve* has to be devoted to conversation and recapitulation, one-quarter to narrative. If the proportions had been reversed it would have been a first-rate story.

Mr. E. C. R. Lorac's *Post After Post Mortem* was admirable. His *These Names Make Clues* starts well, but flags half way. Is there some creeping exhaustion that attacks Crime Club authors? Too much conversation, too many suspects to converse with each other and Chief-Inspector Macdonald, turn a promising plot into a holiday task. The murderee is a detective story writer electrocuted during a Treasure Hunt organised by his publisher. My guess was an indignant reader for the criminal, but in fiction there don't appear to be any, so I had to guess again.

A Bullet in the Ballet tries to poke a lot of uproarious fun at a Russian Ballet, who have three of their petroushkas bumped off in succession on the stage. The crimes are completely subordinated to the fun, and possibly Russians may think that funny—I don't.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

A DAY WITH THE RACE

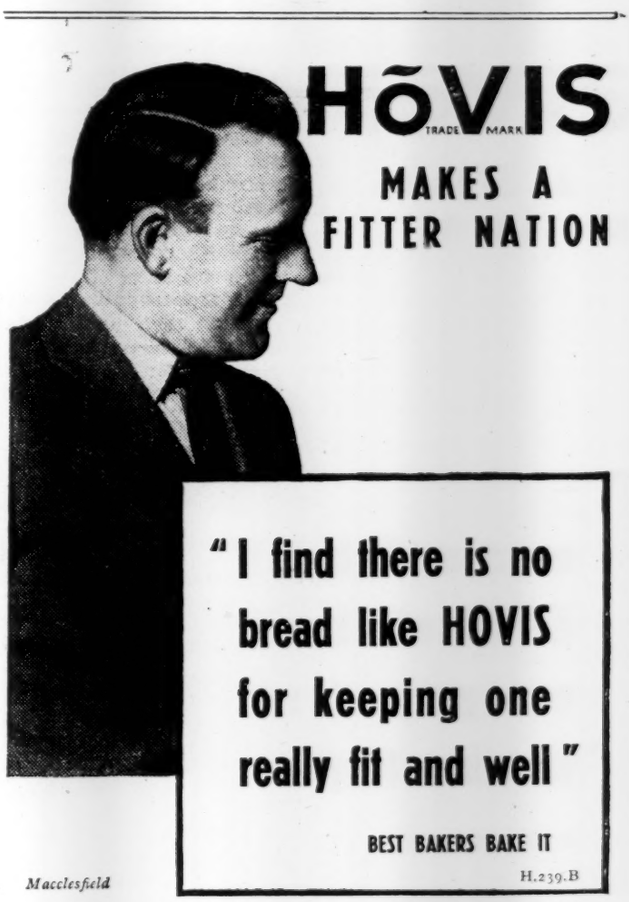
The Anatomy of the Spirit. JACK LINDSAY. *Methuen.* 5s.

"Human: that means, part of a social relationship developed through the attempt to gain mastery of production by means of tools."

". . . religion is only a palliation of despair and effort to set up fantasy relations to console the individual suffering from a discord between productive relationships and methods."

"The ideas of Justice, Love, Equality never achieve an expression higher than the concatenation of contemporary social forces warrant."

On the above framework of dogmatic half-truths mixed up with anthropological studies, Freudian case histories and what not, is the spirit anatomised. Since hundreds of books of this kind


HOVIS
TRADE MARK
MAKES A FITTER NATION
"I find there is no bread like HOVIS for keeping one really fit and well"
BEST BAKERS BAKE IT
Macclesfield
H.239.B

are now being published, it might be well to try to discover what corrupts their general ideas.

In the first place, ideas appear to have only one source—they reflect economic development. For example, the idea of human unity reflects the widening trade relations between social groups. Yet in practice widening trade relations have produced disunity and war, so that the Marxo-Freudian cannot claim more than the idea of unity; he cannot point to the fact of unity. Hence the idea still has to be imposed upon the material facts; to that extent we are still idealists. Our ideas anticipate our reality and guide it. Now suppose the idea of human unity also had another source besides this one of observing social trends? Suppose the lover, in a high impulse of affection, were to wonder why men were disunited when they could feel such passionate unity? And suppose he ruminated on this, until it became an ideal of social unity which he tried to impose on material facts? Would this be invalid? This ideal of unity would not require a knowledge of trade relations; it would arise straight out of the spirit itself, though requiring, of course, the love of another person to create it. And this second source of ideas would surely be that which anyone anatomising the spirit would require to study.

But another question arises. How can the ideal be imposed? Here some knowledge of economic and social relations generally is obviously necessary. To know what trade relations actually are is essential as a means to imposing the ideal of human unity on them. If this is ignored, idealism is reduced to impotence and seems mere hypocrisy. But if, in an attempt to correct this hypocrisy, the spiritual source of our ideals themselves is ignored, then the human being is reduced to a hollow shell. And if this were not happening, it would be impossible to make such statements as that on religion quoted above. For why should not religion palliate the despair of despised love, as well as console us for the discord between productive relations and methods? Or does the Freudo-Marxian believe that despised love is not an unalterable fact of human love relations, but will be made impossible by the application of psycho-analysis to human nature?

The obvious truth is that Marxo-Freudianism does not study the spirit itself, but investigates the corruptions of the spirit. For example, the despair arising from discord between productive relationships and methods is an artificial despair in the sense that man will some day, we hope, distribute wealth equally. But the despair of despised love and other despairs will remain. Therefore he who would give us an anatomy of the spirit must, like the despised transcendentalist, try to tell us something about despair. But if he is a Marxist, it is not despair he is interested in. He is interested in the equal distribution of wealth. Therefore he shows how despair arises out of the unequal distribution of wealth and, in order to win our sympathies with his propagandist object, more or less implies that if equality were attained despair would no longer exist.

Now while we sympathise with the Marxists' economic ideal we cannot allow him to bias philosophy; the realm of abstract truth has its own laws which not even the thunder of revolutions or the groans of the dying poor must or can alter. It is surely the faith of every man with a mind at all, that if he perverts truth for an immediate objective, mankind will suffer for this ignorance in the end. Those with a clear mind must see that there is really nothing to be gained by it.

ROBERT WALLER

THE FLICKS

Footnotes to the Film. Edited by CHARLES DAVY. *Lovat Dickson.* 18s.

"Most serious things have their funny side. The cinema has always been regarded as a funny thing without a serious side." That—quoted as accurately as memory will permit—was written three or four years ago by Mr. Andrew Buchanan in his *Films: the Way of the Cinema*. The remark no longer applies. The cinema is to-day one of the serious things, and is in consequent danger of losing its funny side altogether. It has its students, its critics, its press, its vocabulary, its books. It has, in short, attained dignity, and—were it not for the delightfully unexpected modesty of its principal producers, who insist upon describing their profession as an industry—it might without opposition be accorded the status of an Art.

It is this conflict of interests—the film as commerce and the film as art—which obtrudes itself repeatedly in this symposium. It is a disparity which acts as a brake upon the inventive potentialities of our more imaginative directors. Mr. Alfred Hitchcock, for example, discussing in his article on Direction the making of one of his films, says: "That was the ending I wanted for *Blackmail*, but I had to change it for commercial reasons. The girl couldn't be left to face her fate. And that shows you how the films suffer from their own power of appealing to millions. They could often be subtler than they are, but their own popularity won't let them." Again: "Nowadays I try to tell a story in the simplest possible way, so that I can feel sure it will hold the attention of any audience and won't puzzle them." In other words, so that it won't make them think. All this is naturally inimical to the hopes of those who, like Grierson, Graham Greene, and Charles Davy, want to see the establishment of a poetic cinema. "The poetic cinema," says Mr. Greene, "is the only form worth considering," and he defines the term "poetic cinema" as a medium which depicts life as it is and life as it ought to be. What are its prospects in this country? On the face of it, they do not appear to be very good, but Mr. Greene, as against Mr. Hitchcock's virtual admission that because the cinema is popular it must be debased, puts the position thus: "The cinema has got to appeal to millions; we have got to accept its popularity as a virtue, not turn away from it as a vice." That is one of the most cogent and constructive statements in the book.

The plan of *Footnotes to the Film* is admirable. It is divided into four sections, dealing respectively with the making of films, their material, their problems, and their relation to the public. The list of contributors is an impressive one, including Hitchcock, Robert Donat, Basil Wright, Graham Greene, Cavalcanti, Paul Nash, John Grierson, Korda, Basil Dean, Elizabeth Bowen, and Alistair Cooke. Such a diversity of individual opinion is bound to result in an effect of unhomogeneity; sometimes the writers flatly contradict one another, sometimes they confirm and elucidate, and very often they trespass upon one another's estates. They are more concerned with theorising than with providing practical information, and although the filmgoer, after a study of this book, will have learned to approach the cinema with increased respect and with a more alert observation, he will find that he has not acquired much technical knowledge. But, as Mr. Davy points out, the primary purpose of the book is not to supply a filmgoer's guide so much as to suggest what the cinema *might* become; as a means of putting the film into perspective, as a glance backward into yesterday, as an inspection of the present, and as a glimpse into unpredictable to-morrows, the book is both valuable and opportune. One of its substantial achievements is to demonstrate conclusively the illusory nature of the affinity between screen and stage. Belief in such an affinity indicates a complete misconception of the cinema's true function. The film has more to expect from the poet than from the playwright, and, given intellectual and economic freedom, it has, in Mr. Davy's words, "the power to write on the screen some of the new poetry of the future."

CLIFFORD DYMENT

THE ROMANTIC SURVIVAL

The Romantic Age. By R. B. MOWAT. *Harrap.* 6s.

Professor Mowat has written many books; this is probably his best. He is familiar with the philosophy and literature of the early nineteenth century as well as with the diplomatic and military history. In the result we have a study of the nineteenth century which goes deeper than the usual political history.

In the age of the French Revolution Robespierre, wrote Heine, was the great destroyer in politics, Kant in religion. Both, he maintains, were really typical bourgeois: "Nature meant them to weigh out coffee and sugar, but Destiny determined that they should weigh other things, so one placed a king and the other a God in the scales . . . and they both gave exact weight!" While the French made a revolution in politics the Germans were making the "Copernican" revolution in metaphysics. Kant was also responsible for the universal belief that philosophers are necessarily unintelligible and that no one who writes well can be a really deep thinker. Fichte, Kant's immediate successor, is the intellectual father of national Socialism.

The brief chapter in which this affiliation is convincingly argued is Professor Mowat's most valuable contribution to historical understanding. After her maltreatment by Napoleon, Prussia underwent a pathological phase similar to the present one. Fichte argued that there must be an "Absolute Compulsion-State." For what object? The answer is, German freedom. German freedom means the absolute independence of the German (Prussian) state. The god is Germania; for it Germans must

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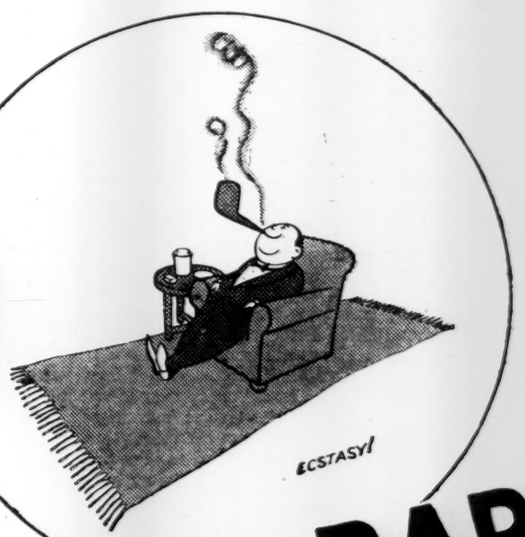

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fight. This, of course, is the religion of Moloch, conceived as an exclusive German deity. The logical outcome is universal and perpetual war, the "state of nature"—the opposite, in short, of the Christian "state of grace." So that contemporary mankind has to choose, in effect, between Moloch, Mammon, the Trinity and insanity. Unfortunately contemporary man doesn't know that he has to choose, nor what the possible choices are. Fichte's "Closed Commercial State" is likewise a kind of prophecy of contemporary Germany. As Renan pointed out when the effects of Fichte's militarist teaching were felt, obedience kills genius, and the German debt to the Jews is enormous.

German militarism and linguistic nationalism were the response to French militarism and the French Revolution, as, in a sense, Frederick the Great was the German response to Louis XIV. It was an aberration—as it still is—from the true German cosmopolitan genius of the eighteenth century of which Goethe was the fine flower. Germany failed to see (what Napoleon himself saw) that Goethe was the true German answer to Napoleon. The super-national tradition of the Holy Roman Empire was lost. The world is, it might almost be said, still looking for it. The Congress of Vienna avoided the mistakes of 1919: even "restoration" had some points of superiority over "self-determination." As Professor Mowat concludes: "It is time that the peoples of twentieth-century Europe learned the lesson." The alternative conclusion is the dismal one that the only lesson that history teaches is that the lessons of history are not learned.

G. E. FASNACHT

SHORTER NOTICES

Peaceful Change: An International Problem. Edited by C. A. W. MANNING. *Macmillan.* 5s.

The prompt publication of these topical lectures by members of the staff of the London School of Economics deserves grateful recognition. The contributors bear names that command confidence—Professors C. K. Webster, Arnold Toynbee, L. C. Robbins, T. E. Gregory, Karl Mannheim, H. Lauterpacht, C. A. W. Manning, and Miss Lucy Mair. The lectures revolve round, and the lecturers circle round the idea of a world state: but only Professor Lauterpacht courageously faces the issue in its crude and terrible simplicity, viz.: that there either is or is not an accepted method of peaceful change. Nearly all these writers are somewhat frightened of the term "world state," and it is clear that its inevitable development requires better "trade names," *e.g.*, the Society of Nations, the International Family. Professor Manning recoils from the implications of the overriding legislative powers established under the Sugar Convention rather like a sort of outraged Monsieur Jourdain attempting to rebut a monstrous charge of having talked prose. Very slowly the world is learning to talk prose—admittedly in the manner of a child of two years of age, but as a necessary step in the direction of talking sense. It is always possible that the world will deviate into sanity in a fit of absence of mind—especially if assured that such conduct will not be used in evidence against it. Our tribal gods will have to be defied with circumspection, and with resourceful legal fictions.

Glanerought and the Petty-Fitzmaurices. By THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE. *Oxford University Press.* 15s.

In the papers of which this volume is composed the late Lord Lansdowne pictures the Ireland of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, particularly that picturesque and romantic province upon which his famous ancestor Sir William Petty set so powerful a mark. Perhaps the best paper in the book is that which retells from contemporary documents the story of Sir William's association with Kerry, where by grant and purchase he became possessed of a property some 270,000 acres in extent. But if this and the paper on the later management of the property by Sir William's son Henry are the most valuable, the most charming are the papers in which are described the beauties of Doreen, the home the fifth Lord Lansdowne made for himself in Kenmare, which, after its absurdly "disinterested" and wanton destruction during "the troubles," has been restored to something of its first comeliness. The book as a whole throws many an interesting sidelight on the province from which derives the most ancient tithe borne by the Fitzmaurice Geraldines, upon Ireland during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and upon the Ireland we know.

The Ordinance Book of The Merchants of the Staple. With an Introduction by E. E. RICH. *Cambridge University Press.* 12s. 6d.

The latest addition to the Cambridge Studies in Economic History, edited by J. H. Clapham, this volume treats of the ordinance book of the merchants of the Staple as it was rewritten by them from memory after they had lost their records when Calais, which had been their Continental depot for years, was lost to England. Here, written in Elizabethan English, are the rules of the Staple, as they applied to the members, their officials, servants and apprentices, and to the rights and duties incident to their rules and their charters. Mr. Rich, in his introduction, gives us an admirable analysis of the ordinances and a lively history of the Staple in the years of its decline from its establishment at Bruges to the day when it became more concerned with the brokerage of wool for the home market than with its Continental marketing. It is a study in economics, but it is also incidentally and accidentally a lesson in political economy which bears the sharp contemporary moral that interference on national or racial or religious grounds with the natural flow of trade injures everybody economically, while exacerbating every quarrel into which it enters.

Pauline Bonaparte: Napoleon's Attendant Star. By JOACHIM KUHN. Translated by W. H. JOHNSTON. *Hutchinson.* 18s.

"Napoleon's Incubus" would have been a better subtitle for this study of the most detrimental of his sisters. To read of her behaviour in cold blood, even with Canova's semi-nude witness to her beauty, is to feel in contact with a lascivious lady's maid playing Princess in a drama of high life below stairs. On the other hand, there is ample evidence that the Princess Borghese did not impress her contemporaries as unfavourably as one would have expected. During the early days of her marriage to the Prince she won the esteem of his relations and the respect of Roman society; and, when tired of pleasing them, she became more her natural self, the visiting English nobility, including the Marquess of Douglas and his Beckford bride, the Hollands, Lord Gomer and the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire found her extremely attractive. A Duchesse of the old regime who visited her found her pleasing, even though Pauline's behaviour on that occasion was ludicrously disgusting. In point of fact the woman was a pathological "case." It would have taken a Freud to interpret her and an Anita Loos to invent her. Here she is presented as romantically as the facts permit.

Whirlpools on the Danube. By CHRISTOPHER SIDGWICK. *Hutchinson.* 18s.

The whirlpools of Mr. Sidgwick's title are metaphorical and stand for the seething political and international unrest he found almost everywhere during a visit last summer to Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Transylvania. The politics of the book, however, are incidental and unforced. Mr. Sidgwick was quick to see and understand and sympathise, and inspiring confidence received confidences, and he therefore gives us the economic and national grievances that vex the people at first hand. But what really gives the book its quality is the gusto with which the happier of the author's experiences of scenes and people are set down. Mr. Sidgwick is at his best in such passages as the description of that Sunday night in Munich where in these post-war days in Nazi Germany an Englishman found himself among a charming, friendly, and humorous people. Charming too are the descriptions of village life in the Austrian Tyrol; and, perhaps best of all, the vivid sketch of the talk and gaiety of Buda drawing-rooms. The book is illustrated with photographs taken by the author.

Week-end Competitions

No. 389

Set by Allan M. Laing

The usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) are offered for the best Ruthless Rhymes, a type of verse popularised by the late Harry Graham, of which this is a sample:

> When grandmamma fell off the boat,
> And couldn't swim (and wouldn't float),
> Matilda just stood by and smiled:
> I almost could have slapped the child.

It would be seasonable if the verses submitted dealt with holiday incidents.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, September 3rd.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of the last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. Housemaster. Wed., Thurs.

COLISEUM. St. Moritz. Daily, 2.30.

COMEDY. Busman's Honeymoon. Tu., Fri.

DUCHESS. Time and the Conways. Wed.

DUKE of YORK'S. Black Limelight. W., Sat.

GARRICK. Sarah Simple. Mon., Thurs.

GLOBE. They Came By Night. Wed., Thur.

HIS MAJESTY'S. Balalaika. Wed. & Sat.

LYRIC. Victoria Regina. Wed. & Thurs.

PHOENIX. Judgment Day. Thurs., Sat.

PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Thurs., Sat.

ST. JAMES'S. Old Music. Wed., Thurs.

ST. MARTIN'S. Gertie Maude. Tues., Fri.

STRAND. A Spot of Bother. Tues., Thurs.

WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. Thurs., Sat.

WYNDHAM'S. George & Margaret. W., Th.

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DUKE OF YORK'S. Temple Bar 5211.
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BLACK LIMELIGHT

GARRICK. (Tem. 4601.) 8.40. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.
"A. A. MILNE'S SPARKLING COMEDY."
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Evgs. 8.30. Mats., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30. (Smoking.)
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DETAILS of rates for single or a series of insertions will be found on p. 323 of this issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 387

Set by Maurice Richardson

We offer the usual prizes for a short description of a—or part of a—cricket match in the style of anyone of the following: Sapper, Ouida, William Hickey, Marx, Godfrey Winn, Ronald Firbank, Cocteau, Clive Bell, Hemingway, Maugham, Proust.

Report by Maurice Richardson

This perhaps slightly hackneyed competition was not wildly popular. Michael Dugdale romps home with a brilliantly close and funny parody of Firbank's middle period, the period of *Vainglory* and *Valmouth* which Firbank connoisseurs claim to be superior to the last two or three books. Nearly half, which was perhaps rather surprising, tried Proust, himself the master parodist, and their attempts, though very praiseworthy, very painstaking, lacked inspiration. The Sappers were rank bad and missed all the characteristic features, especially the pervading atmosphere of sadism. The Winns were far too haughty. The Ouida's too crudely extravagant, though I rather liked "Pibwob's" ivory and ebony inlaid bat and his Lord Roisank's yorker stroke. First prize, then, to Michael Dugdale, who is very enjoyable reading, and second prize to the best of the Prousts: E. J. Rendle.

FIRST PRIZE
CRICKET AT ASHRINGFORD
IN THE MANNER OF FIRBANK

"Dearest Biddy, do you suppose that you could bowl?"

"My dear, in this hat," Mrs. Shamefoot evasively replied, "I hardly know."

It was Stockingham *versus* the Palace; and whereas the ladies of the episcopal set were dressed in a way that meant, apparently, *business*, the Stockingham team seemed to think that the occasion demanded something more.

Miss Compostella wore the helmet and hooped petticoat that had enhanced her success as Medusa in the *Gay Gorgons*, while from Mrs. Shamefoot's picture hat drooped feathers ravished from more than one exotic extremity.

"I might," she ventured, "manage to throw it, or roll it."

"In this heat," Lady Georgia, the Stockingham captain, reassured her, "that will be quite enough."

From her position at "Long Leg" Mrs. Guy Fawkes austerely eyed the Bishop's secretary who was brandishing at the wicket a bat.

"If Miss Hospice," she murmured, brushing away a passing butterfly with wings like tired opals, "ventures to knock her ball in my direction, I shall simply pretend not to notice," and with a gesture of dismissal she directed her lorgnon towards the spectators.

Over the field the Cathedral authoritatively towered. From its shadow there reached her ears a murmur.

". . . not since Biddy's procession."

". . . gracious."

". . . and her hair! like the Garden of Eden after the Fall, so uncared for."

". . . W. G. Grace."

". . . and there she was, like Minnie Mimosa in the *Ring and the Bookie*."

". . . ooh!"

Monsignor Parr alone was not to be diverted by conversation from the business in hand. Sitting a little apart he counted the balls in each over. Frequently there were as many as thirteen, since Mrs. Henedge was umpire, and, to her, figures meant nothing very precise.

"A few balls here and there," he reflected, "matter but little in the eyes of heaven. Especially," he added with a fervent upward glance, "when they're most of them wides."

But out in the field the new bowler was preparing to begin. Standing well behind the wicket she gazed intently at the ball as might a clairvoyant into a crystal, then, steadying with one hand her hat, and pausing only to breathe to heaven a prayer, she approached the wicket at a run.

From the Coronna Chapel a boy's voice soared with piercing sweetness into the air and was still.

In a pregnant silence, Mrs. Shamefoot flung skyward her ball.

MICHAEL DUGDALE

SECOND PRIZE
A CRICKET MATCH
(WITH APOLOGIES TO PROUST)

. . . When I awoke from the reverie into which I had fallen to find that in the process of the game, all save one of the other members of his team having been dismissed, it was the turn of Saint-Loup to show his mettle, I observed along the scattered line of spectators, among whom I recognised some of the women from Rivebelle, a passing ripple of astonishment, as from the wooden pavilion like the Sun King issuing from the gates of Versailles to hunt the bold stag there emerged Robert, wearing with distinction a cap of which the peak appeared to be several inches longer than that of any other player, grasping in his fine hand the unfamiliar weapon, and balancing with his aristocratic grace his complete lack of experience; but when he addressed himself to the bowler with the same significant nod as his ancestors had used to indicate that the guillotine might fall, I feeling unable to witness the discharge of the missile at his defenceless body, on which the fluttering white garments reminded me of the hawthorn blossom on the Guermantes Way, and having turned my head in the direction of Madame de Villeparisis, who all the while had been discussing unconcernedly with my grandmother the literature of the last century, was immediately forced by a loud crack from the field to return my gaze thither, where I beheld my friend unharmed, screwing into his eye his inseparable monocle the better to see the ball that after soaring into the clear sky began, the propulsion having expired, to descend in its parabola with the certainty of Nemesis (though Robert told me afterwards that its course was fortuitous) into the hands of the bowler waiting beneath.

Duck's Way, p. 123.

E. J. RENDLE

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 243.—LITERARY

Letter from Professor Goodman to Mrs. Deepwater:

"I have, as requested, made some sort of test of your daughters' literary capacities. To this end, I asked them each to name the authors of the following seven works:

(1) *The Second Meridian.*
(2) *The Life and Death of Hepzibah Creel.*
(3) *Prawns for the Proconsul.*
(4) *Flatfoot; an Anthology.*
(5) *Quousque Tandem: a Bicyclist's Compendium.*
(6) *A Pamphleteer at Bay.*
(7) *Diamonds are Trumps.*

"This request produced the following selection of answers:

(1) *The Sacred Meridian* was attributed to Carados by Doris and Deborah; to Traddles by Dora; to Endways by Dorothy and Diana; and to Bottledale by Daphne and Dorcas.

(2) *Hepzibah Creel*—to Bottledale, by Doris; to Knotmutch, by Diana and Dora; to Palter, by Dorothy; to Carados, by Dorcas; to Stuffisch, by Deborah; and to Endways, by Daphne.

(3) *Prawns Etc*—to Palter, by Deborah and Doris; to Carados, by Diana and Dora; to Knotmutch, by Daphne and Dorothy; to Endways, by Dorcas.

(4) *Flatfoot*—to Palter, by Dora, Dorcas and Diana; to Stuffisch, by Doris and Dorothy; to Traddles, by Daphne and Deborah.

(5) *Quousque Tandem*—to Bottledale, by Diana, Dora and Deborah; to Traddles, by Doris; to Carados, by Daphne and Dorothy; to Knotmutch, by Dorcas.

(6) *A Pamphleteer at Bay*—to Endways, by Doris; to Stuffisch, by Daphne and Dora; to Bottledale, by Dorothy; to Traddles, by Diana and Dorcas; to Knotmutch, by Deborah.

(7) *Diamonds are Trumps*—to Knotmutch, by Doris; to Endways, by Dora and Deborah; to Traddles, by Dorothy; to Stuffisch, by Dorcas and Diana; and to Palter, by Daphne.

"As a glance at these lists will show you, the young ladies, to a large extent, had recourse to guess-work. Each correctly named the authors of two, and only two, books."

Assign each work to its author.

PROBLEM.—241

Caliban is away for a fortnight; solutions will be held over pending his return.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

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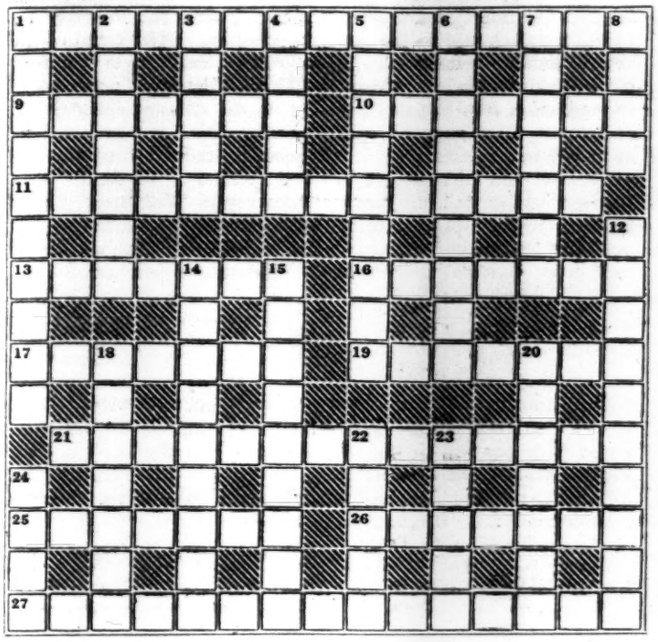
WEEK-END CROSSWORD 390

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Mrs. H. A. Blackden, 173 Cranmer Court, S.W.3.

DOWN.

1. She disliked sharing her seat with an arachnid. (10)
2 (rev). Hide the Navy in rocky holes. (7)
3. Quality standardised by a whistle. (5)
4. Illuminating opposite of turned out. (5)
5. Not the grave manner. (9)
6. Legal description of one whose tailor produces a misfit? (9)
7. Such things are never phenomenal. (7)
8. Shoots in soiled surroundings. (4)
12. This would presumably be medium correspondence. (10)
14. Sounds as though it is not the Underground part of the "Route." (9)
15. The Heavenly Twins of course had no such mouldy beginning. (9)
18. Where mustangs are out at grass perhaps. (7)
20. No doubt the rambler's colour in summer weather. (7)
22. The reverse would be to do down. (5)
23. Robin makes a raid. (5)
24. So shut the huts perhaps. (4)

ACROSS.

1. The result no doubt of concerted after-dinner efforts. (15)
9. He originally had an enticing way with a woman. (7)
10. Risk that made Eve turn. (7)
11. Projected entertainments that stir the emotions. (14)
13. In fact you may put it with a tee. (7)
16. A tea-time treat for the horse? (7)
17. He's purple not with rage, but with dignity. (7)
19. 8 is about a penny you see. (7)
21. Is this where the Vicar puts his spiritual ammunition? (14)
25. He won fame at bridge. (7)
26. Crossing by the stars. (7)
27. The man who goes nap when he's playing bridge with you? (15)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

F	U	S	E	D	■	C	A	I	R	N	G	O	R	M
A	T	■	E	■	O	■	N	■	E	■	U	■	A	
T	R	A	N	S	O	M	■	T	A	C	I	T	U	S
I	■	U	■	P	■	P	■	E	■	K	■	F	■	T
M	O	N	T	A	N	A	■	R	E	L	E	A	S	E
A	■	C	■	I	■	N	■	N	■	E	■	C	■	R
■	S	H	E	R	R	Y	P	A	R	T	I	E	S	■
■	■	■	■	■	P	■	T	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
P	A	R	T	N	E	R	S	I	N	C	R	I	M	E
E	■	E	■	A	■	O	■	O	■	A	■	N	■	D
S	Y	M	P	T	O	M	■	N	E	S	T	I	N	G
T	■	O	■	U	■	O	■	A	■	T	■	R	■	I
L	E	V	E	R	E	T	■	L	A	O	C	O	O	N
E	■	A	■	E	■	E	■	L	■	F	■	N	■	G
S	A	L	T	S	P	R	A	Y	■	F	U	S	E	S

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